

GOLD



10041-804
APRIL

THE JETSONS

LP 1.00 12c

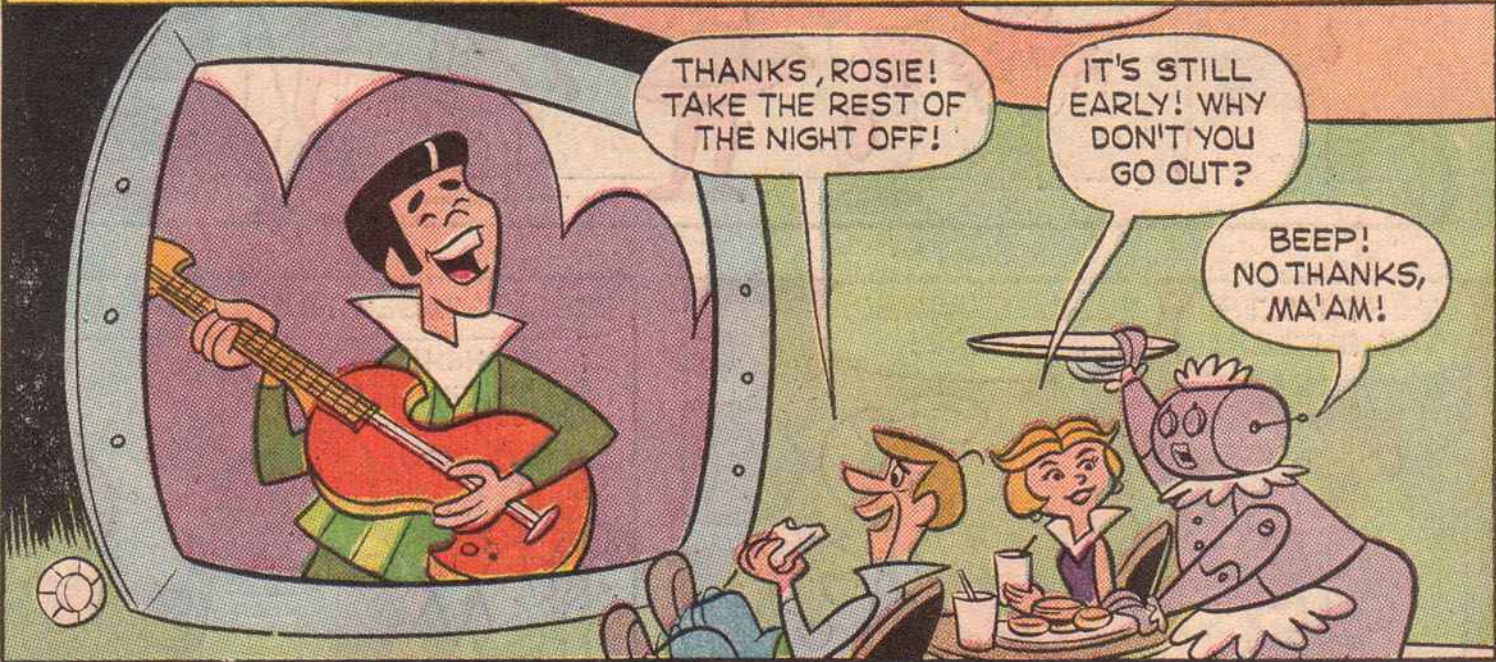
The JETSONS



MAID OF METAL

by HANNA-BARBERA

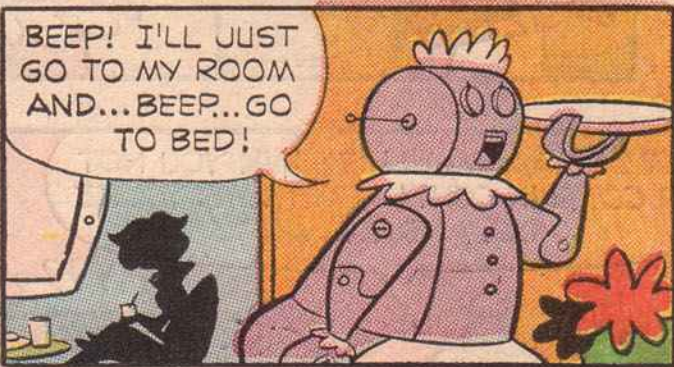
MAID OF METAL



THANKS, ROSIE!
TAKE THE REST OF
THE NIGHT OFF!

IT'S STILL
EARLY! WHY
DON'T YOU
GO OUT?

BEEP!
NO THANKS,
MA'AM!

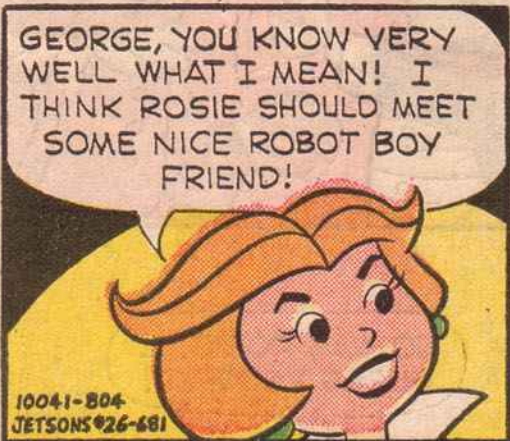


BEEP! I'LL JUST
GO TO MY ROOM
AND...BEEP...GO
TO BED!



I'M WORRIED ABOUT
ROSIE! SHE NEVER GOES
OUT WITH ANYBODY!
IT'S NOT HUMAN!

SO WHAT?
SHE'S NOT
HUMAN!



GEORGE, YOU KNOW VERY
WELL WHAT I MEAN! I
THINK ROSIE SHOULD MEET
SOME NICE ROBOT BOY
FRIEND!

10041-804
JETSONS 926-681



BUT HOW CAN WE
ARRANGE THAT IF
SHE DOESN'T GO OUT?

LEAVE THAT TO ME!
THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE
BEEN THINKING ABOUT
DOING, ANYWAY!



NEXT DAY...

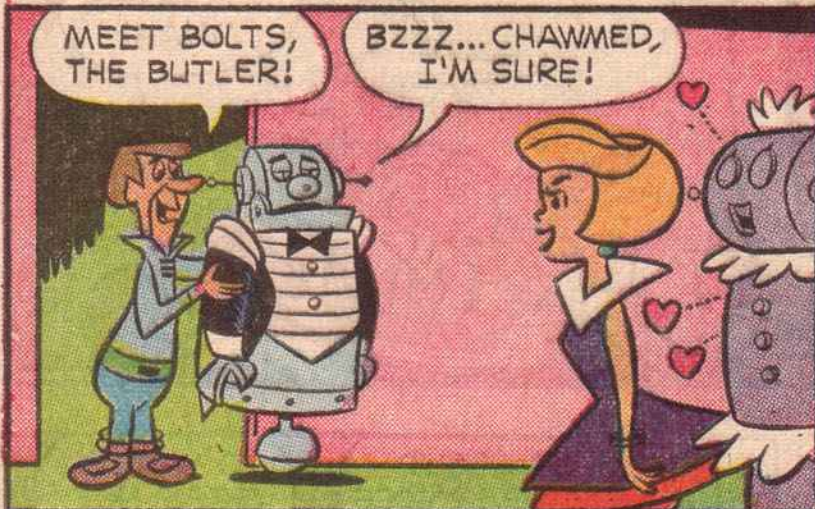
EVERYBODY GATHER 'ROUND! I WANT YOU TO MEET A NEW MEMBER OF THE FAMILY! YOU, TOO, ROSIE!

BEEP! YES, SIR!



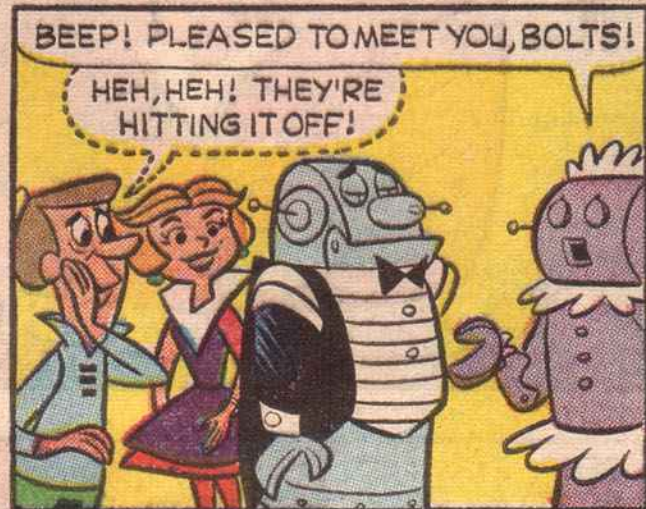
MEET BOLTS, THE BUTLER!

BZZZ... CHAWMED, I'M SURE!



BEEP! PLEASD TO MEET YOU, BOLTS!

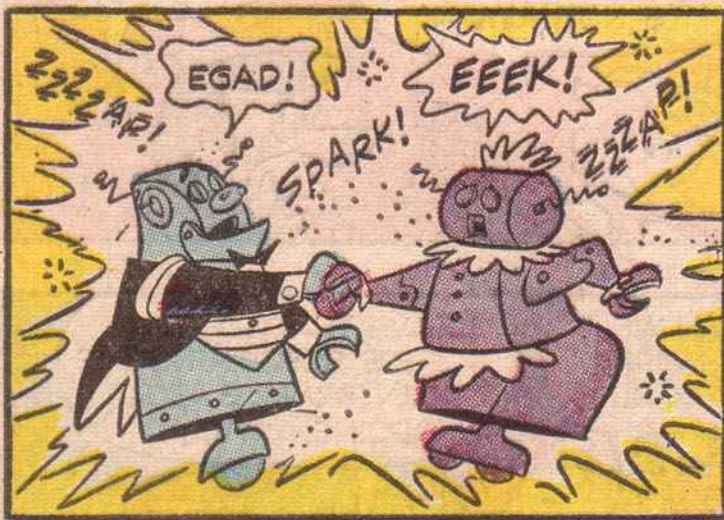
HEH, HEH! THEY'RE HITTING IT OFF!



EGAD!

EEEK!

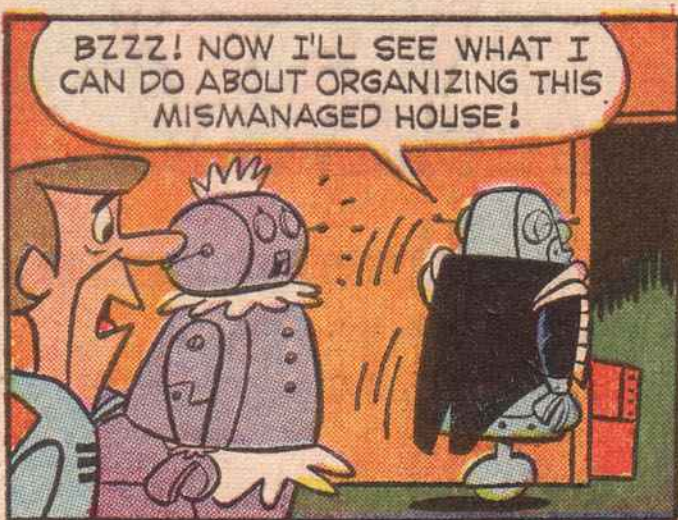
SPARK!



BZZZ! MADAM, I'LL THANK YOU NOT TO COME IN CONTACT WITH ME! YOU'RE A.C. AND I'M D.C.!

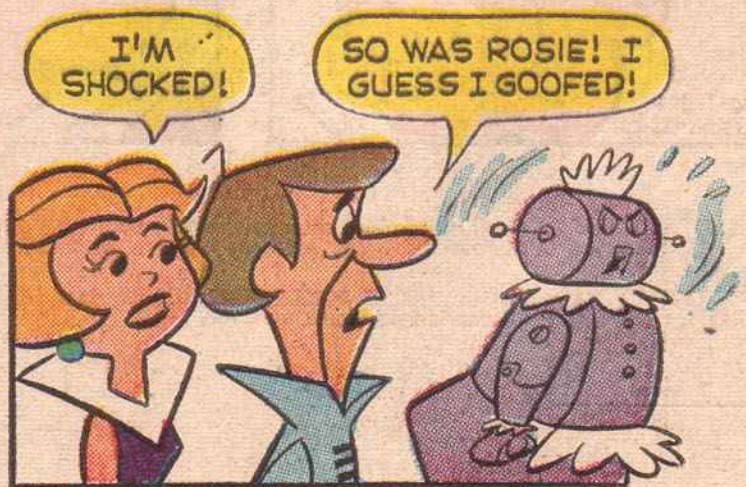


BZZZ! NOW I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO ABOUT ORGANIZING THIS MISMANAGED HOUSE!

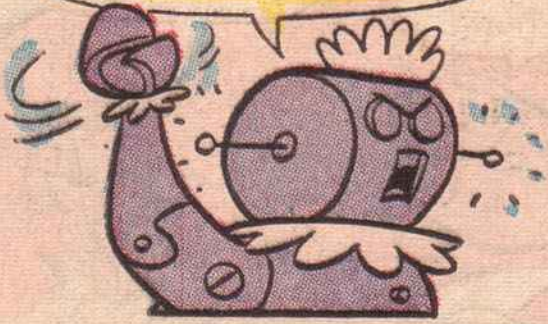


I'M SHOCKED!

SO WAS ROSIE! I GUESS I GOOFED!



BEEP! I'M SO MAD I COULD SHORT-CIRCUIT! BEEP! HOW DARE HE SUGGEST HE CAN RUN THIS HOUSE BETTER THAN I CAN?



(ULP!) LOOKS LIKE I PROMOTED A FEUD INSTEAD OF A FRIENDSHIP!



THAT NIGHT...

BZZZ! DINNER IS SERVED!

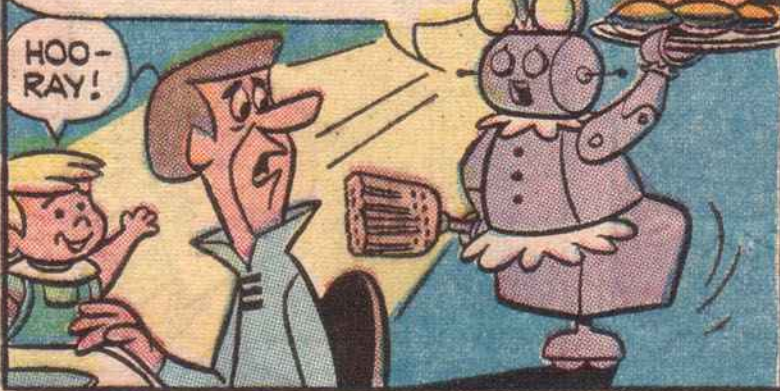
GEE, POP! I CAN HARDLY SEE WHAT I'M EATING!

SHH! HAVE A LITTLE CLASS, SON!



OKAY, FOLKS! BEEP! HERE COMES ROSIE TO THROW A LITTLE LIGHT ON THINGS!

HOO-RAY!



WE'LL JUST GET RID OF THIS FANCY STUFF... BEEP... AND GET WITH SOME REAL CHOW!



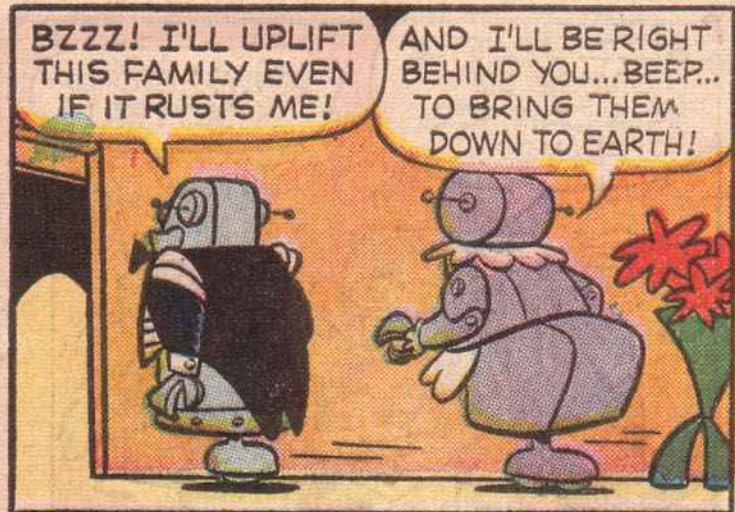
BEEP! JETBURGERS FOR ALL!

OHHH! OF ALL THE UNCOUTH THINGS TO EAT!



BZZZ! I'LL UPLIFT THIS FAMILY EVEN IF IT RUSTS ME!

AND I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU... BEEP... TO BRING THEM DOWN TO EARTH!





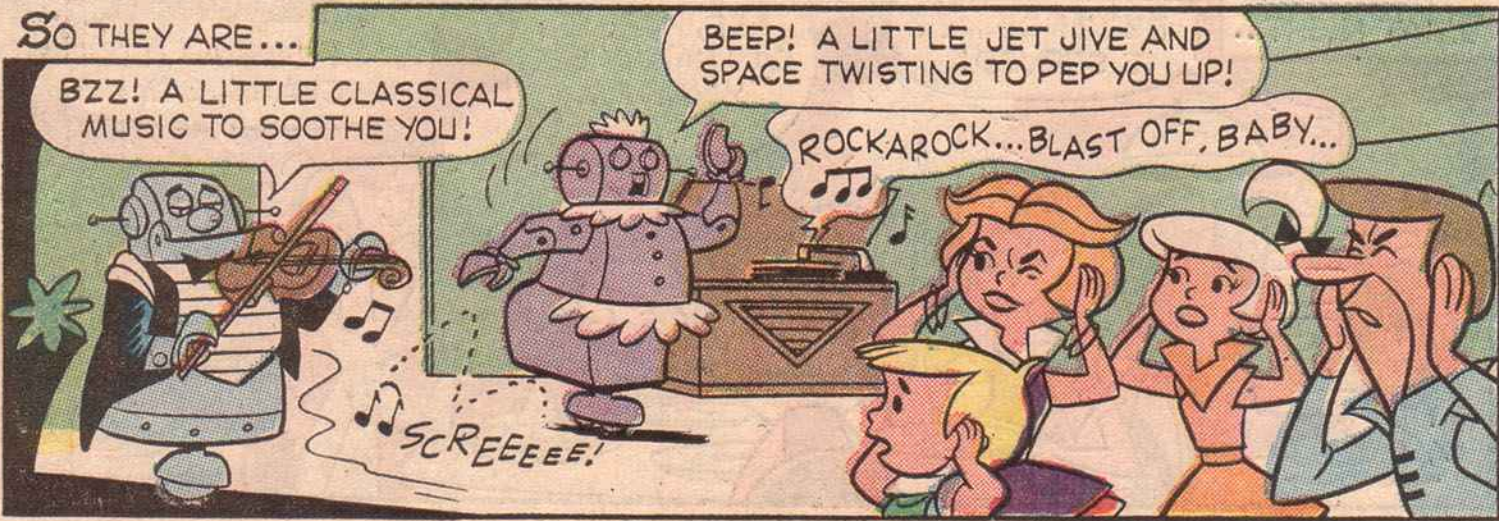
(SIGH!) WE DON'T WANT TO BE UPLIFTED, BUT I DON'T HAVE THE HEART TO TELL BOLTS!

HE DOESN'T HAVE A CHANCE AGAINST ROSIE, ANYWAY!



IT'LL BE A BATTLE! I FEEL SORRY FOR BOTH OF THEM!

THEM? I FEEL SORRY FOR US! WE'RE CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE!



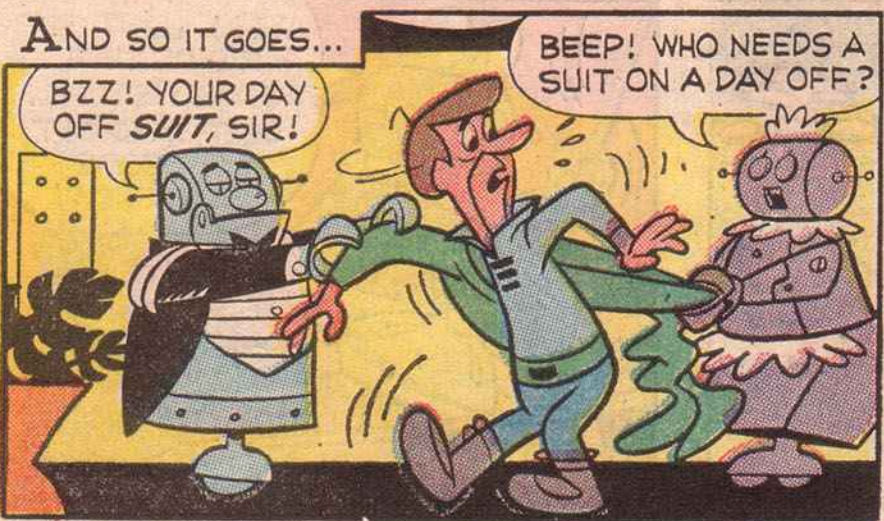
SO THEY ARE...

BZZ! A LITTLE CLASSICAL MUSIC TO SOOTHE YOU!

BEEP! A LITTLE JET JIVE AND SPACE TWISTING TO PEP YOU UP!

ROCKAROCK... BLAST OFF, BABY...

SCREEEE!



AND SO IT GOES...

BZZ! YOUR DAY OFF SUIT, SIR!

BEEP! WHO NEEDS A SUIT ON A DAY OFF?



HMMM! I THINK I'LL DO THE COOKING MYSELF TONIGHT! I'LL MAKE A STEW!



BZZZ! A LITTLE SAUCE DE FRANÇAIS FOR FLAVOR!

AWW! KETCHUP IS BETTER!



UGH! I WISH THEY COULD GET TOGETHER ON SOMETHING!

FINALLY...



I CALLED THIS MEETING BECAUSE WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE...ER, SERVANT PROBLEM!

WE'RE ALL NERVIOUS WRECKS!



THIS IS YOUR FAULT, GEORGE! YOU'LL HAVE TO BE THE ONE TO ASK BOLTS TO LEAVE!



WOE IS ME! I HAVEN'T GOT THE HEART! I KNOW HE'D HATE TO LEAVE!

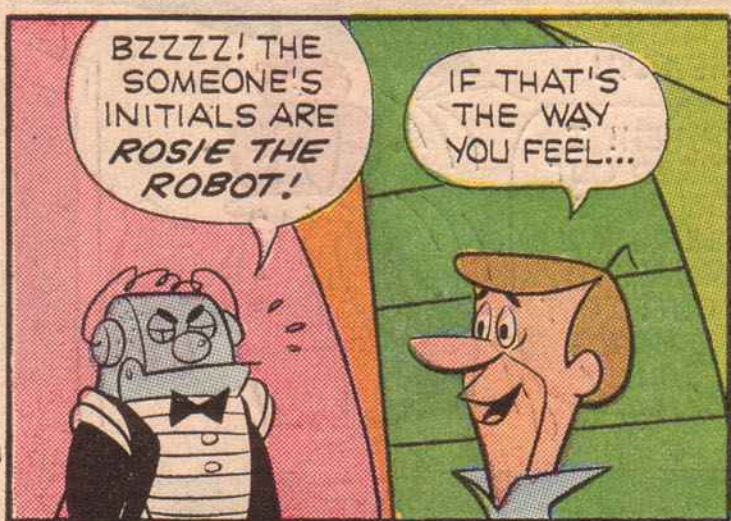


SIR, I WANT TO LEAVE! BZZZ!

SWELL! I MEAN, WHY?



A CERTAIN SOMEONE TIED MY ANTENNAE INTO KNOTS AND I'VE BEEN GETTING MY...BZZ...SIGNALS CROSSED ALL MORNING!



BZZZZ! THE SOMEONE'S INITIALS ARE ROSIE THE ROBOT!

IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL...



HERE'S A FULL REFUND ON WHAT YOU PAID FOR ME!

BRRING!



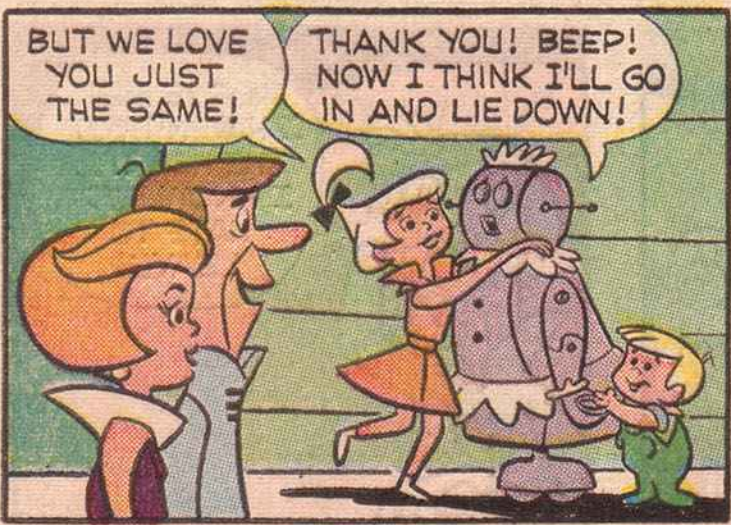
YOU KEEP IT, PAL!
BUY YOURSELF A
NEW OIL CAN!

BZZ! THANK YOU
AND GOOD DAY!



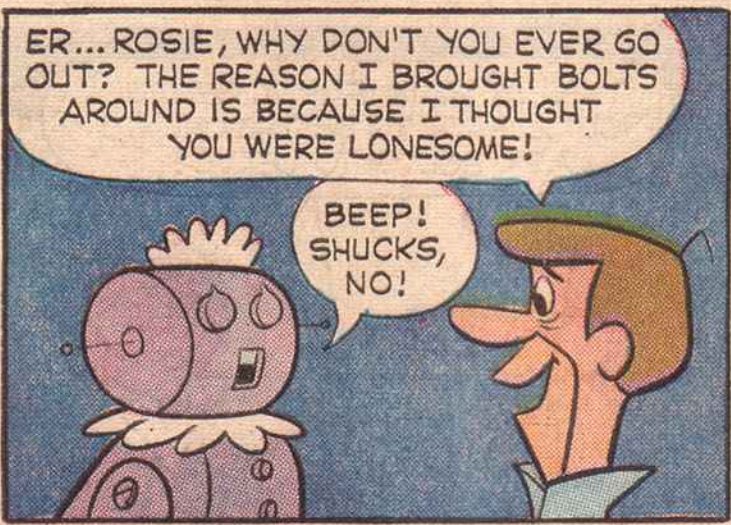
BEEP! WE FINALLY
GOT RID OF THAT
TIN STUFFED SHIRT!

ROSIE, WHAT
YOU DID WAS
MEAN!



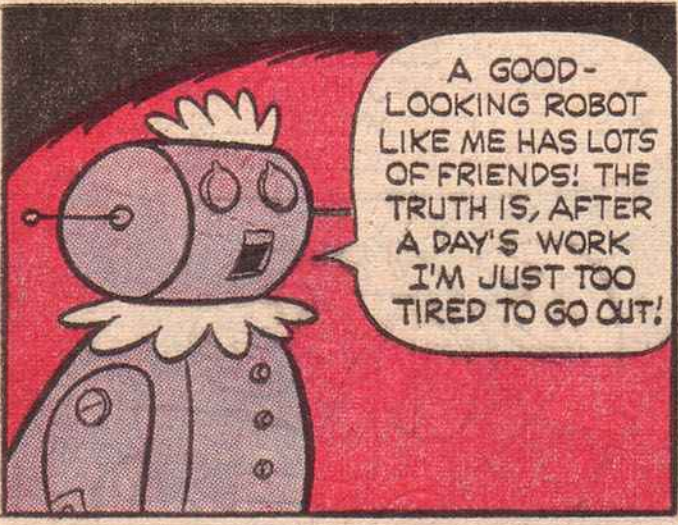
BUT WE LOVE
YOU JUST
THE SAME!

THANK YOU! BEEP!
NOW I THINK I'LL GO
IN AND LIE DOWN!



ER... ROSIE, WHY DON'T YOU EVER GO
OUT? THE REASON I BROUGHT BOLTS
AROUND IS BECAUSE I THOUGHT
YOU WERE LONESOME!

BEEP!
SHUCKS,
NO!



A GOOD-
LOOKING ROBOT
LIKE ME HAS LOTS
OF FRIENDS! THE
TRUTH IS, AFTER
A DAY'S WORK
I'M JUST TOO
TIRED TO GO OUT!



FOR GOODNESS'
SAKES, WHY DIDN'T
YOU TELL US?

BEEP!
I DON'T
LIKE TO
COM-
PLAIN!



So...

SO LONG, FOLKS! I'VE GOT A DATE WITH A
COMPUTER! MARIE WILL FINISH UP!

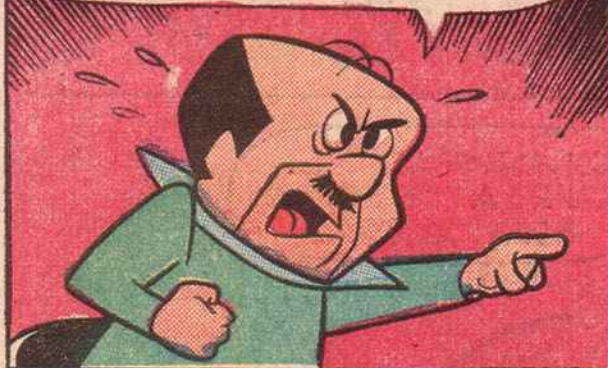
HEH, HEH! I
FIGURED OUT
HOW ROSIE
COULD HAVE
ENERGY TO
GO OUT! I GOT
THE MAID
A MAID!

End

HAVING A HORSIE HOLIDAY

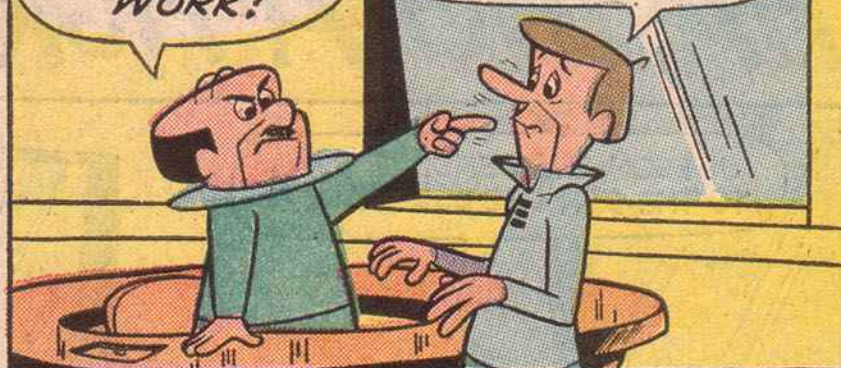


YOU'VE GOT A SHORT CIRCUIT UPSTAIRS, JETSON! I NEVER MENTIONED A *VACATION!*



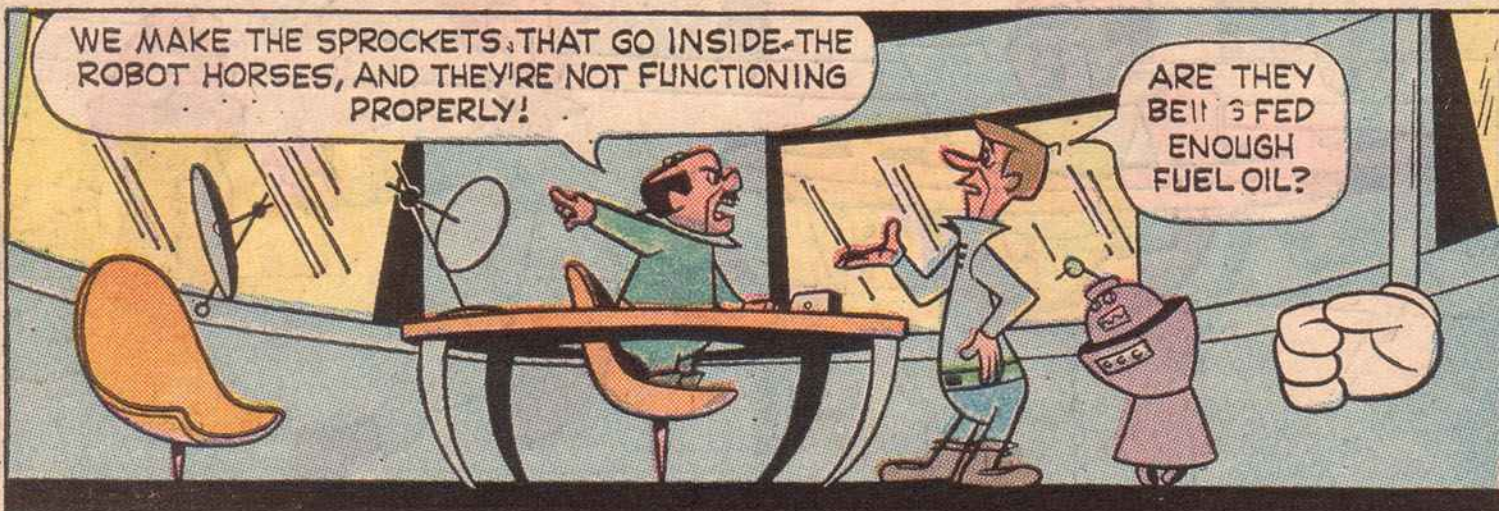
I'M SENDING YOU TO THE DAN-DEE DUDE RANCH TO *WORK!*

PLEASE, SIR... SMILE WHEN YOU USE THAT KIND OF LANGUAGE!



WE MAKE THE SPROCKETS THAT GO INSIDE THE ROBOT HORSES, AND THEY'RE NOT FUNCTIONING PROPERLY!

ARE THEY BELL & FED ENOUGH FUEL OIL?

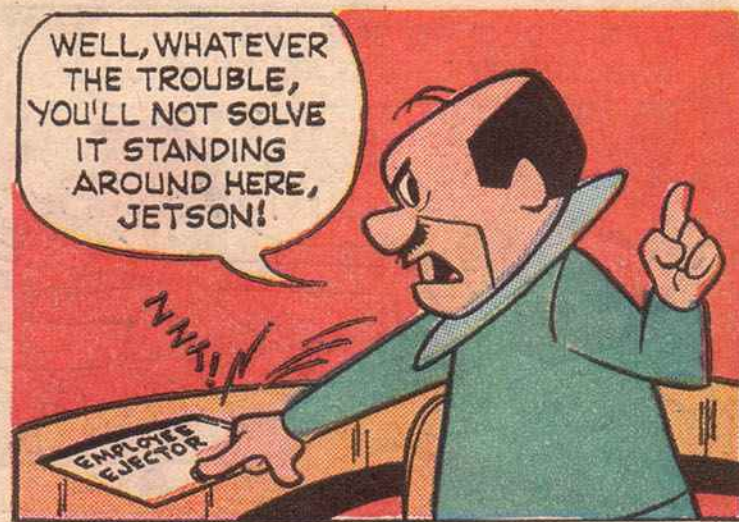


IT'S NOT THAT! THEY'RE GOING OFF THEIR SPROCKETS AND THROWING PEOPLE AND RUNNING AWAY!

HMMM... THIS *IS* SERIOUS!

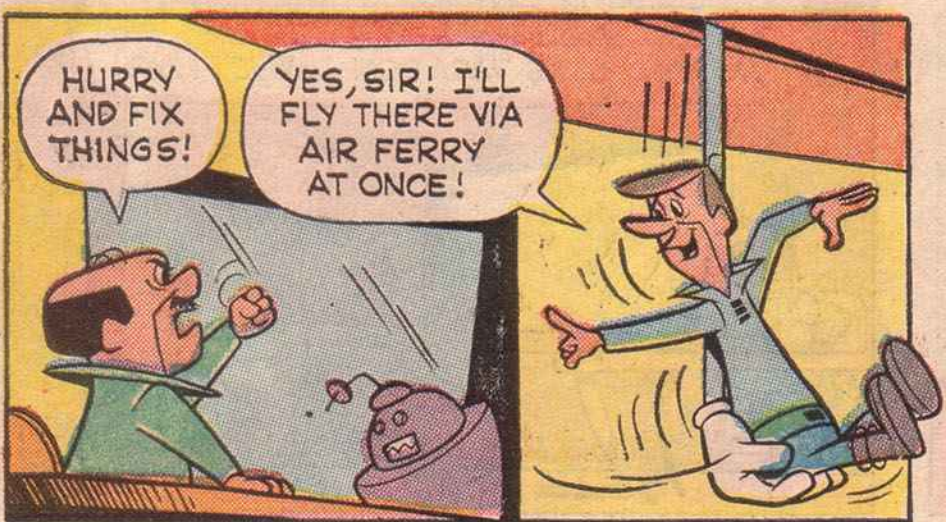


WELL, WHATEVER THE TROUBLE, YOU'LL NOT SOLVE IT STANDING AROUND HERE, JETSON!



HURRY AND FIX THINGS!

YES, SIR! I'LL FLY THERE VIA AIR FERRY AT ONCE!



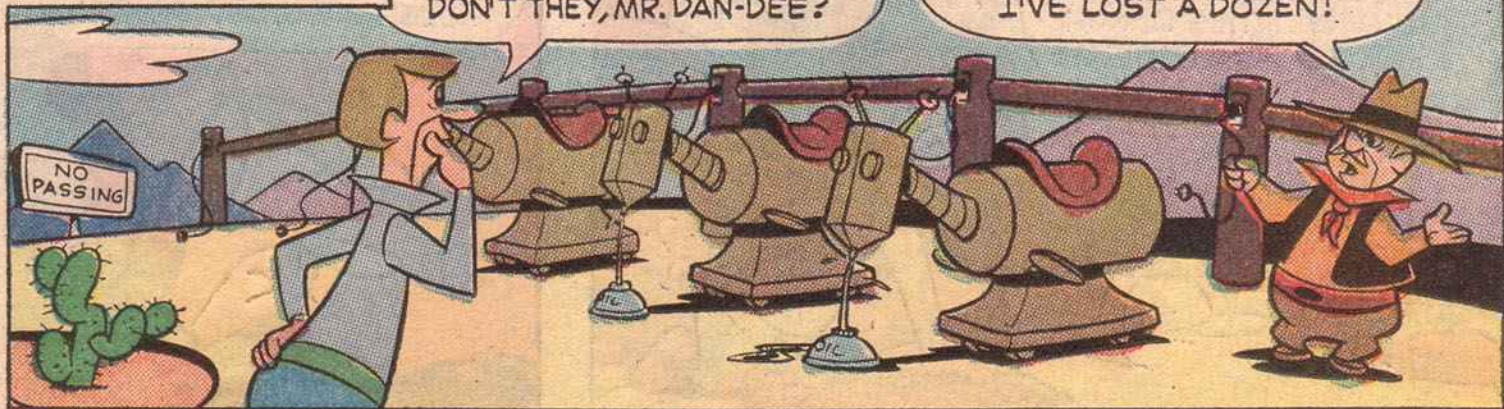
HEH! IF I DO A GOOD JOB, MAYBE I'LL GET A *REAL* VACATION!



AND SO, DAN-DEE'S DUDE RANCH...

HMM...THEY ACT OKAY WHILE GETTING RECHARGED, DON'T THEY, MR. DAN-DEE?

YES, BUT OUT ON THE TRAIL, THEY RUN AWAY! SO FAR, I'VE LOST A DOZEN!



OKAY, I'LL TAKE A SPIN AND SEE WHAT I CAN FIND OUT!

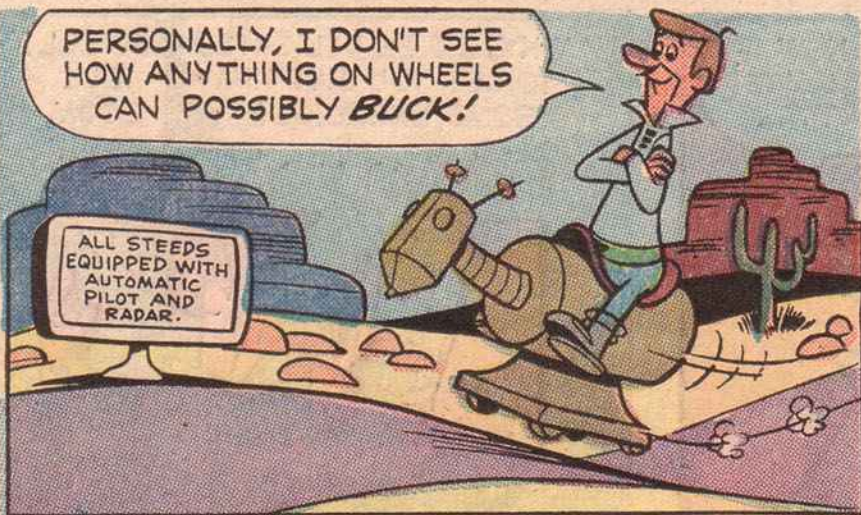
SNOORT!



BE CAREFUL! THEY BUCK SOMETHING AWFUL!



PERSONALLY, I DON'T SEE HOW ANYTHING ON WHEELS CAN POSSIBLY BUCK!

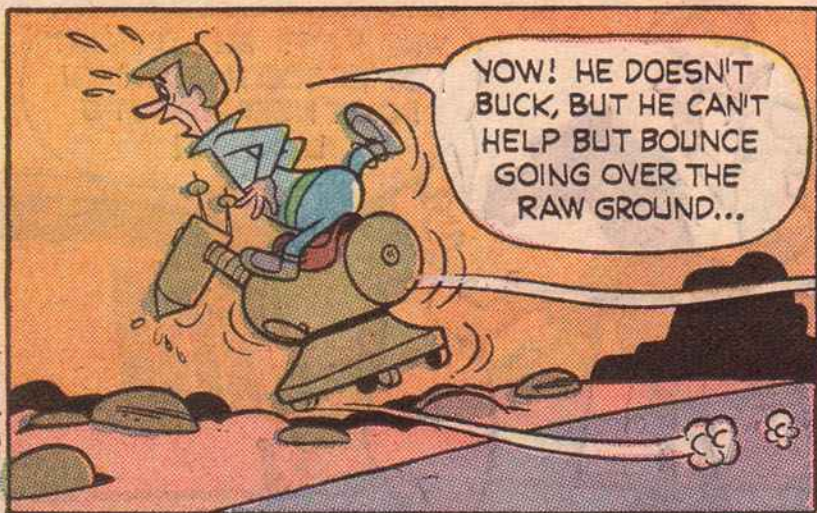


CRACKLE!

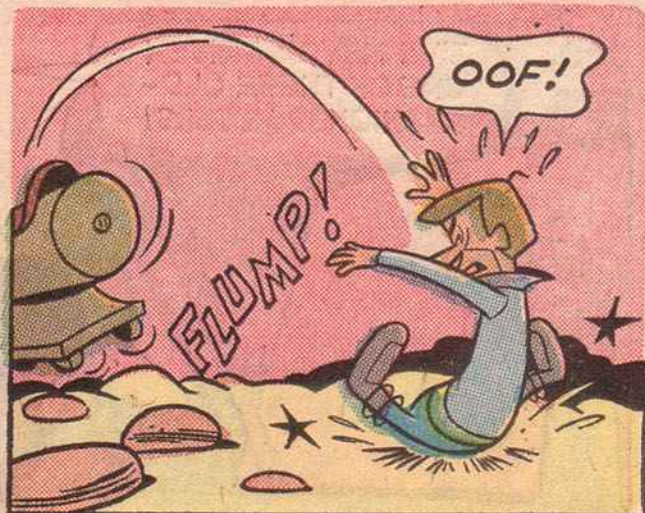
EH? WHAT GIVES?



YOW! HE DOESN'T BUCK, BUT HE CAN'T HELP BUT BOUNCE GOING OVER THE RAW GROUND...



OOF!



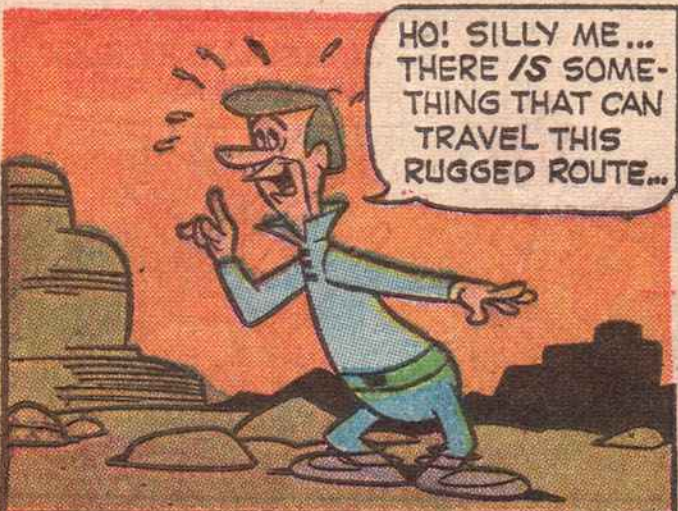
IT'S GOING TO BE A JOB TO FOLLOW ONE OF THOSE RUNAWAYS! THIS RANCH AREA IS OFF LIMITS TO AIR-TYPE CRAFT!



AND THERE'S JUST *NOTHING* THAT CAN TRAVEL OVER SUCH ROUGH GROUND AS THIS!



HO! SILLY ME... THERE IS SOMETHING THAT CAN TRAVEL THIS RUGGED ROUTE...



THAT IS... I HOPE SUCH VEHICLES ARE STILL AVAILABLE!



AND SO...

YES, WE HAVE JUST ONE ON DISPLAY!

DANDY... NOW IF I CAN ARRANGE TO RENT IT...



WHY, I'D BE DELIGHTED TO LET YOU GIVE HIM SOME EXERCISE!

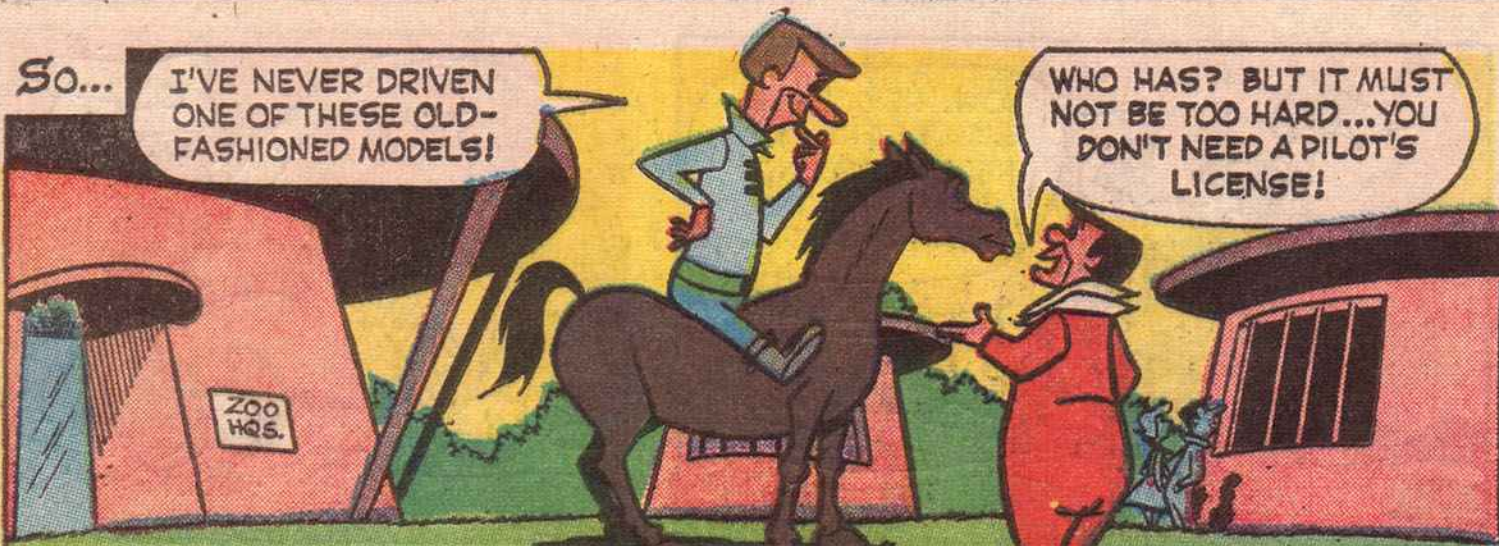
SWELL! I'LL ZOOM RIGHT OVER!



So...

I'VE NEVER DRIVEN ONE OF THESE OLD-FASHIONED MODELS!

WHO HAS? BUT IT MUST NOT BE TOO HARD... YOU DON'T NEED A PILOT'S LICENSE!





STEP ON IT, CHUM!

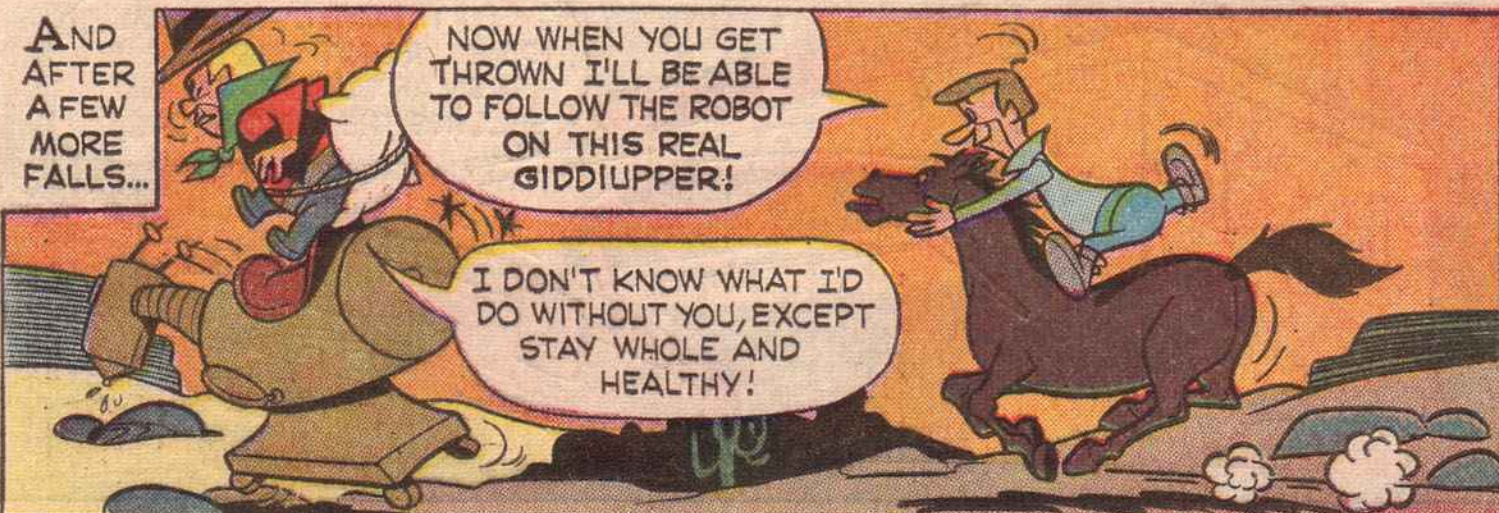
THUD!



I THINK YOU'D BETTER TRY HOLDING ON NEXT TIME!

UGH! THANKS FOR THE ADVICE!

AND AFTER A FEW MORE FALLS...



NOW WHEN YOU GET THROWN I'LL BE ABLE TO FOLLOW THE ROBOT ON THIS REAL GIDDIUPPER!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT YOU, EXCEPT STAY WHOLE AND HEALTHY!

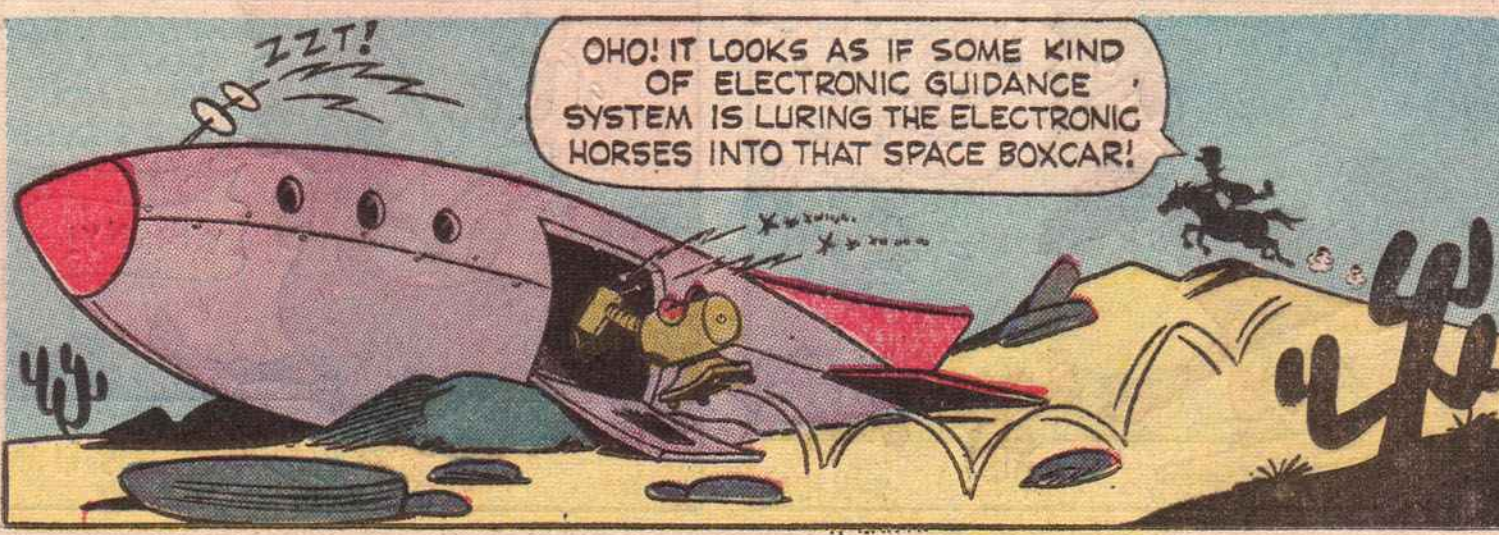


YOW! I'M OFF!

WE'LL SOON GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS MYSTERY!

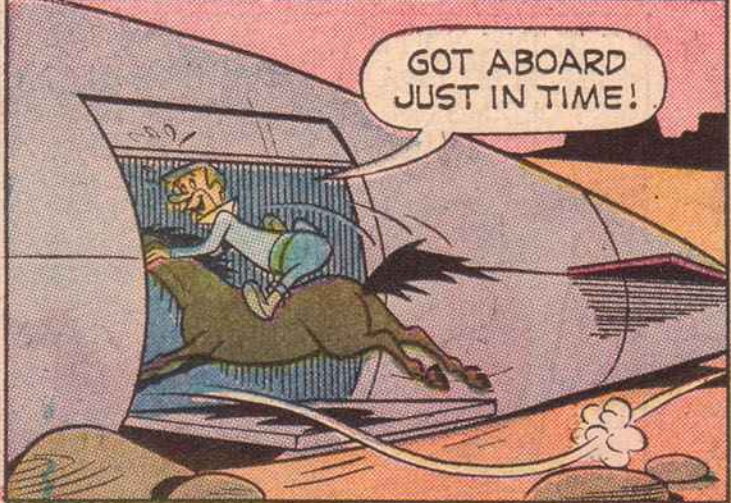


HI HO, AND AWAY I-I-I-I-I GO!



ZZT!

OHO! IT LOOKS AS IF SOME KIND OF ELECTRONIC GUIDANCE SYSTEM IS LURING THE ELECTRONIC HORSES INTO THAT SPACE BOXCAR!



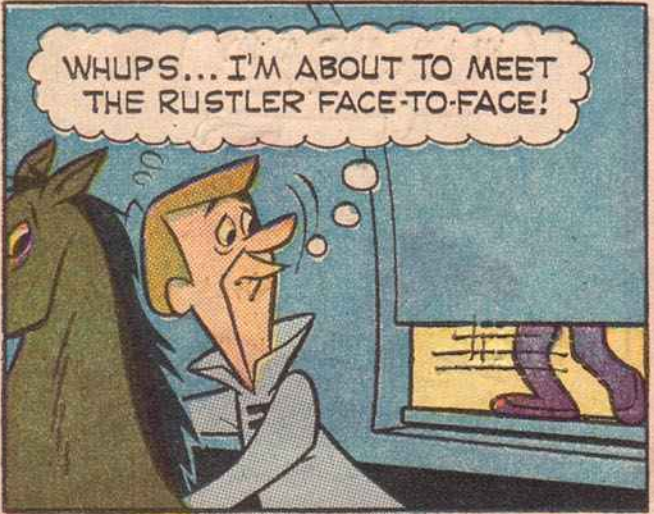
GOT ABOARD JUST IN TIME!



THIS SHIP IS ALL AUTOMATIC!
NOT A SOUL IN HERE!



I GOT IT NOW... SOME LOW-DOWN ROBOT RUSTLER IS DISMANTLING THEM AND SELLING THE MOTORS CHEAP!

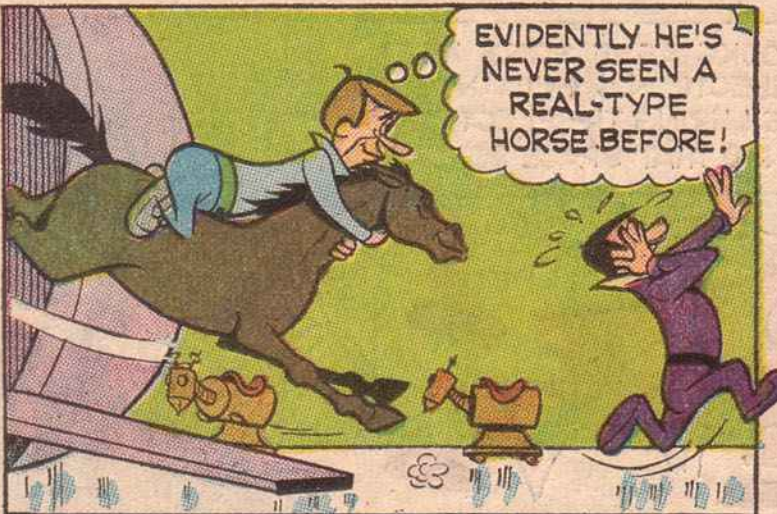


WHUPS... I'M ABOUT TO MEET THE RUSTLER FACE-TO-FACE!



YOWIE... I'VE SNARED A 20TH CENTURY MONSTER OF SOME-KIND!

HA, HA!



EVIDENTLY HE'S NEVER SEEN A REAL-TYPE HORSE BEFORE!



HEY, CLUMSY! DON'T YOU WEAR NON-SKID SHOES?

WHINNY!



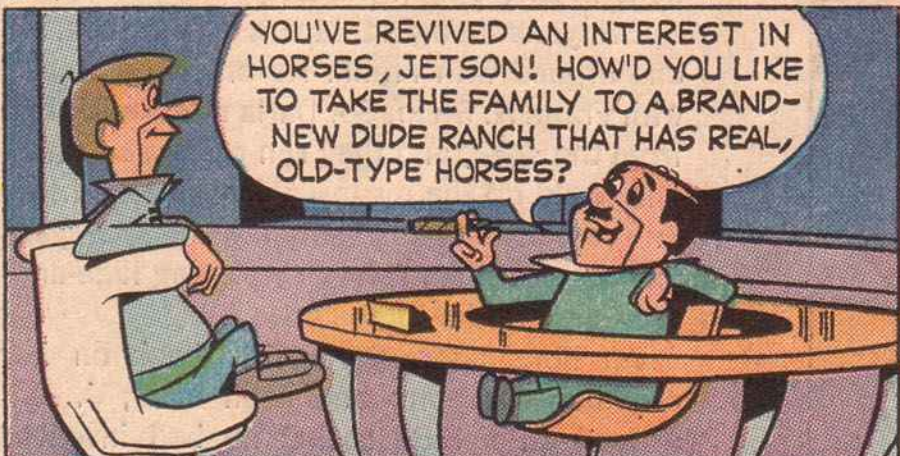
UGH... WHAT A LOONY ADVENTURE!

OOF!

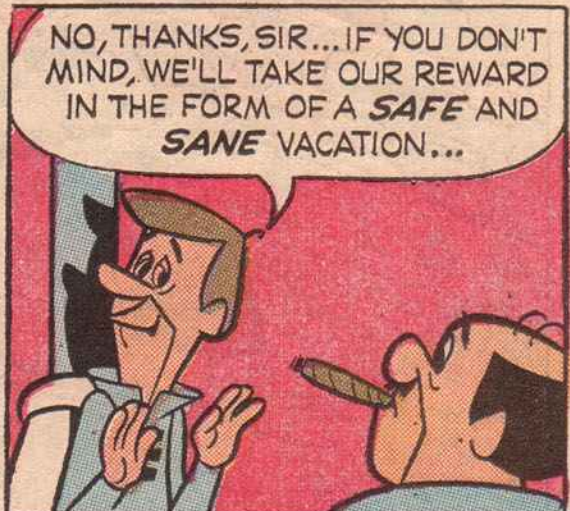


BUT MY MISSION'S ACCOMPLISHED!

AND AFTER THE AUTHORITIES TOOK CHARGE...

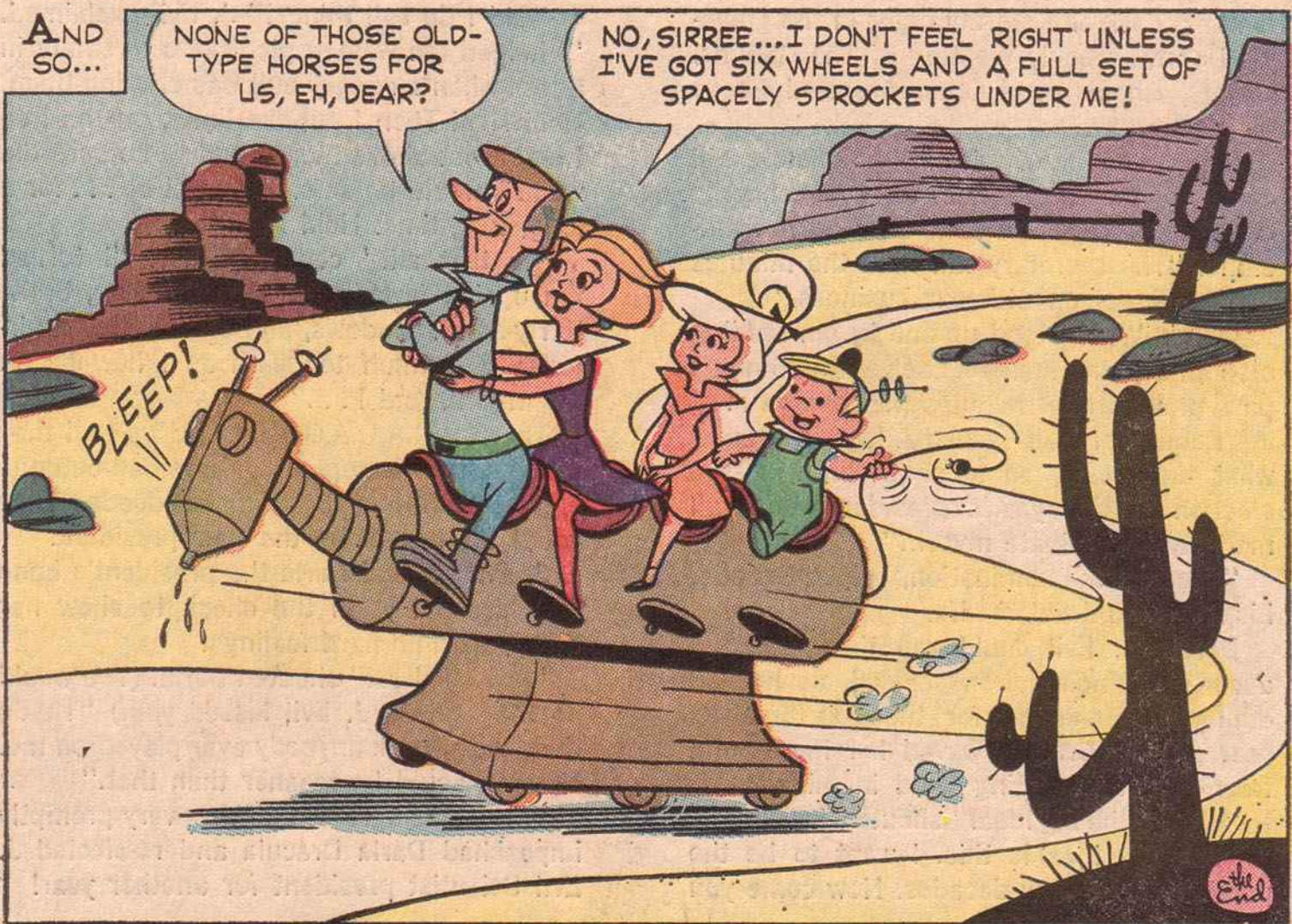


YOU'VE REVIVED AN INTEREST IN HORSES, JETSON! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO TAKE THE FAMILY TO A BRAND-NEW DUDE RANCH THAT HAS REAL, OLD-TYPE HORSES?



NO, THANKS, SIR... IF YOU DON'T MIND, WE'LL TAKE OUR REWARD IN THE FORM OF A **SAFE** AND **SAFE** VACATION...

AND SO...



NONE OF THOSE OLD-TYPE HORSES FOR US, EH, DEAR?

NO, SIRREE... I DON'T FEEL RIGHT UNLESS I'VE GOT SIX WHEELS AND A FULL SET OF SPACELY SPROCKETS UNDER ME!

BLEEP!

The End

THE BIG ELECTION



It was a dark and stormy night in the graveyard as the weekly meeting of The Goblins, Ghosts, Ghouls, and Other Assorted Geeks got under way.

"This meeting of miserable monsters will come to order," J. Evil Scientist cheerily cried, as he rapped a bone on a grave headstone. "The secretary will read the minutes before we get on with our business."

Wanda Witch stood up and began reading aloud, "One minute past twelve, two minutes past twelve, three minutes past twelve..."

"Enough of that!" yelled J. Evil. "We know what time it is, so let's get on with the election of this year's president. With all modesty, I nominate myself."

"I second the nomination," piped Goonda, his loyal and devoted wife.

Before J. Evil could rap the bone and declare the nominations closed, as he had done every election for the last hundred years, Darla Dracula waved her hands and froze J. Evil's rapping hand in mid-air.

"What's the big idea?" shouted J. Evil.

"The big idea is this. I want to be the president for a few decades. How come you

always get the honor?" croaked Darla.

The others monsters and meansters shouted the same question. Goonda jumped up and began speaking for her husband. "My J. Evil has been president because he is the meanest, sneakiest, dirtiest no-good evildoer in the whole wide world."

"I'm just as bad as he is... **badder!** Even my English is **worser** than his. I should be president of this club," Darla interrupted.

Frank N. Stein rose to his eight feet of bony height and said, "Agghh! Only one way to settle this. Meanest candidate should be president. We send both out and one who does meanest trick will be president."

Everyone thought that was a good idea. No one argued with Frank. No one **ever** argued with Frank N. Stein. So, Darla released J. Evil from the spell, and they ran off to see which one could do the meanest deeds in an hour. The rest of the gang waited in the graveyard and amused themselves by playing hide-and-seek among the tombstones.

An hour later, Darla flew back on her convertible broom; and soon after, J. Evil arrived on a little rocket he had invented with his own two little evil hands.

"Did I do evil things!" J. Evil exclaimed. "I helped ten women picnickers to safety in a tree when an angry bull was chasing them. Heh! Heh! Then I cut the limbs off the tree twenty feet above the ground to be sure the women would be safe. They will be... for a long, long time. Heh! Heh!"

"Is that all?" cackled Darla. "I turned ten upside-down cakes right side up, broke thirty-seven windows, and scared eleven airplane pilots half to death as I flew by on my broom. And I..."

The G.G.G.A.O.A.G. all stood up and they thundered their applause. Darla had outdone J. Evil with her dirty, mean deeds. They voted for her to be the new president.

J. Evil handed Darla the president's bone and kissed her on the cheek to show her that he had no hard feelings.

"AGHH! UHG!" shouted Darla. (You would do the same if J. Evil kissed you.) "That's the dirtiest trick anybody ever played on me. Nothing could be **meaner** than that."

The others agreed, and they very promptly impeached Darla Dracula and re-elected J. Evil Scientist president for another year!



KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

THE KINKAJOU



This animal is nicknamed "honey bear" because of the way in which it smacks its lips in pleasure when eating juicy fruit.



The Kinkajou enjoys variety in its menu. Besides fruit and plants, it dines upon birds, small mammals and other animals.

© 1963 BY WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.



The South American Kinkajou has a long powerful tail with which it can travel through treetops much like the monkey.



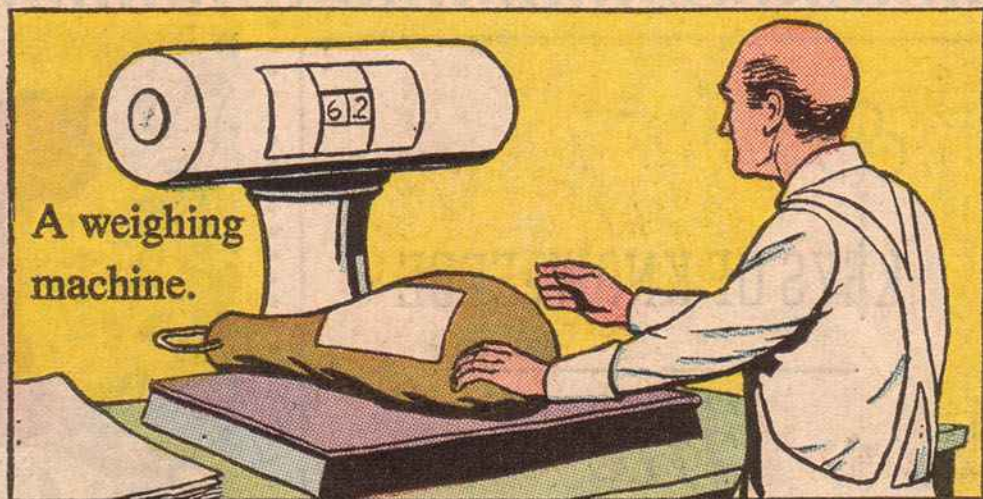
The Kinkajou has dark gold or brown fur that is popular with women as an adornment. Large numbers are trapped yearly.



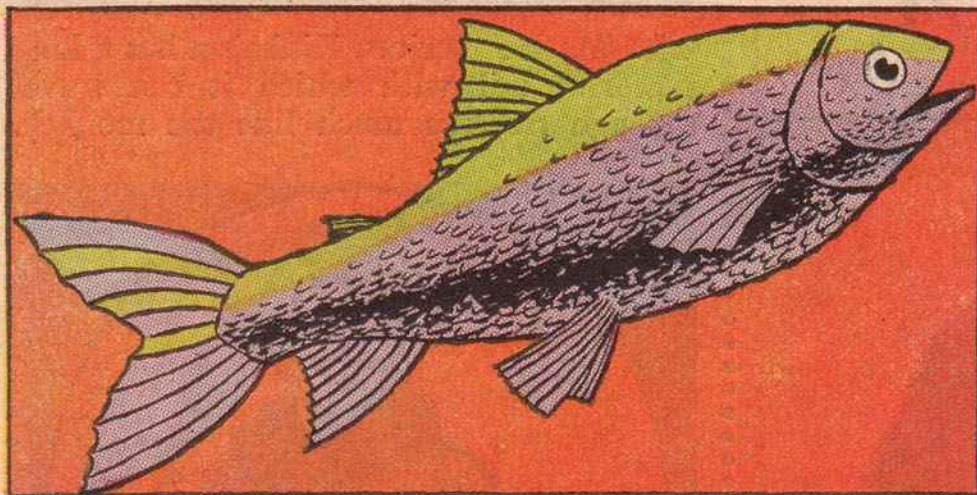
Kinkajous can be tamed to become excellent pets: In captivity, they have been known to live healthily for nineteen years.

Picture Dictionary

SCALE



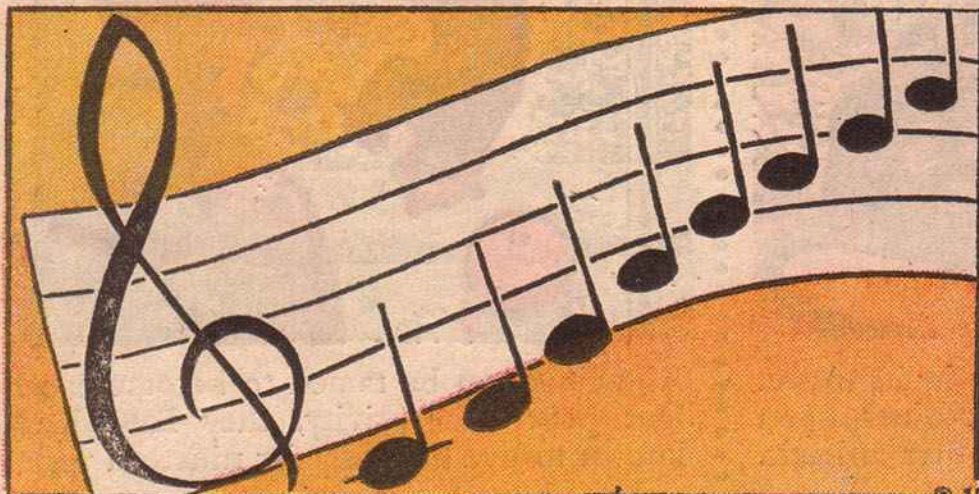
A weighing
machine.



The skin
of a
fish or
reptile.



To climb,
such as to
scale a
mountain.



A series
of musical
tones
according
to pitch.

Jest for Fun



Riddle: What can a person always count on?

Answer: His fingers.

Patient: Doctor, every time I raise my arm it hurts.

Doctor: Well, don't raise it then.

Customer: How much does that diamond ring cost?

Jeweler: Five thousand dollars!

Customer: Wow! How much is that one?

Jeweler: Wow wow!

Mother (to Jimmy who is saying his prayers): Jimmy, I can't hear a word you're saying.

Jimmy: But I wasn't speaking to you.

Riddle: What is the logical way of reaching a conclusion?

Answer: Take a train of thought.

Riddle: What did the man say when he rang the doorbell?

Answer: I don't give a rap.

Al: The school orchestra played Beethoven last night.

Joe: Who won?

Riddle: Why did the man put his girl friend's picture in his watch?

Answer: Because he thought she would love him in time.

Father: Son, this is going to hurt me more than it does you.

Son: Maybe, but not in the same place.

Riddle: Why are parents so proud of their newly born child?

Answer: Because he's a howling success.

Father: Yes, son, I began life as a barefoot boy.

Son: Well, I wasn't born with shoes on either.

First Otter: Sir, you are a (r) otter!

Second Otter: What (r) you saying?

Employer: (to new secretary): I hope your punctuation is good.

Secretary: Oh yes, sir — I always get to work on time.

Riddle: Why is a bank like a riverbed?

Answer: Because it's full of deposits.

Riddle: What did the angry elevator say to the passenger?

Answer: Don't try to get a rise out of me.

Salesman: Madame, this machine will cut your housework in half.

Housewife: Wonderful, I'll take two.

Lady: I'd like you to make a jacket for my poodle.

Tailor: Certainly — bring your dog in for a fitting.

Lady: I can't do that — I want it to be a surprise for him.

Riddle: When is a leather chair not a leather chair?

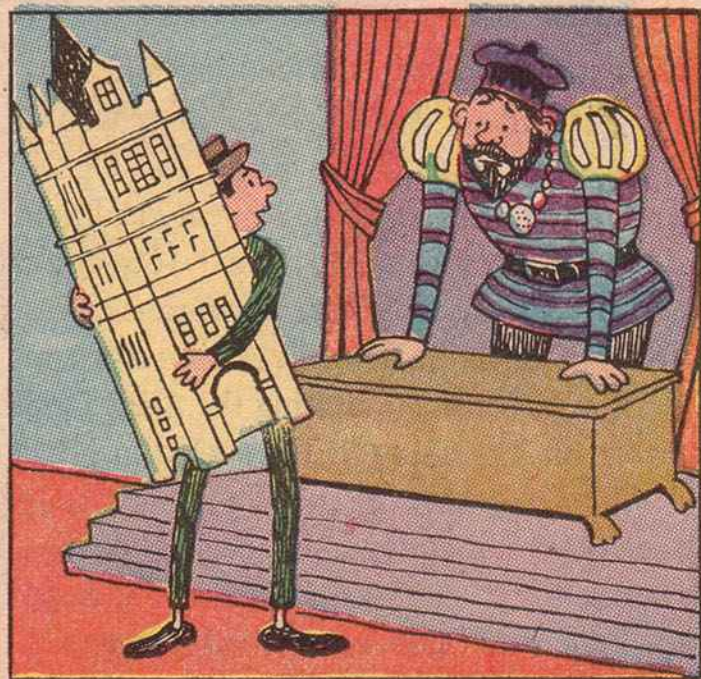
Answer: When it's sat in (satin).

Teacher: Johnny, it's ten o'clock! You should have been here an hour ago!

Johnny: Why, what happened?

Guide: This tower goes back to Henry the Eighth.

Tourist: Why, what's the matter with it?



DINOSAURIA

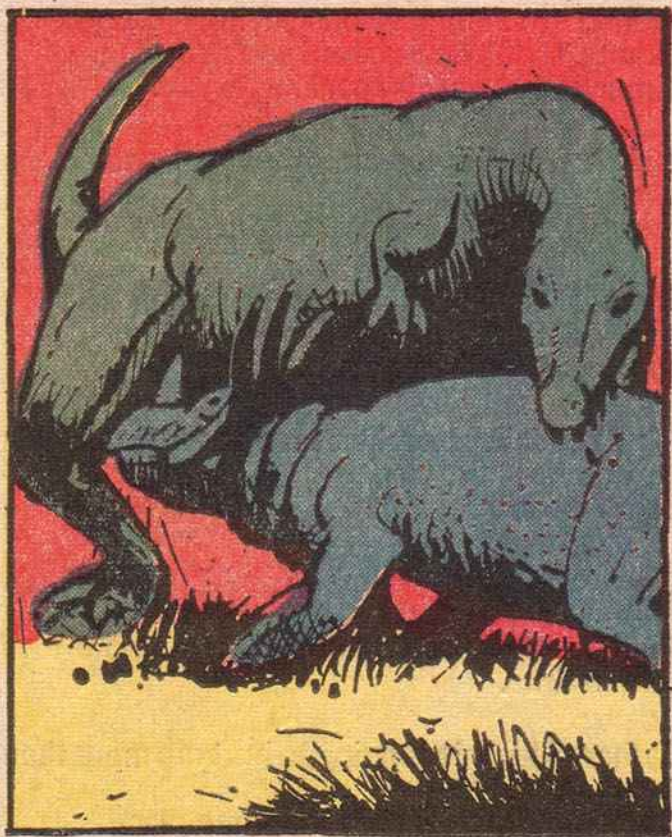
Styracosaurus



With seven sharp horns fronting and rimming its head, the styracosaurus was a dangerous dinosaur. Living in the Upper Cretaceous period some seventy million years ago, this nearly twenty-foot-long creature, despite its fierce appearance, was a vegetable-eater. Its teeth sat in rows and worked like scissors, cutting the plant food rather than crushing it. It traveled in large herds along the many swamps of that ancient period and wandered onto the dry, shrub-covered plateaus. Its horns, and head shield or bone "collar," marked it as one of a varied group of horned saurians.

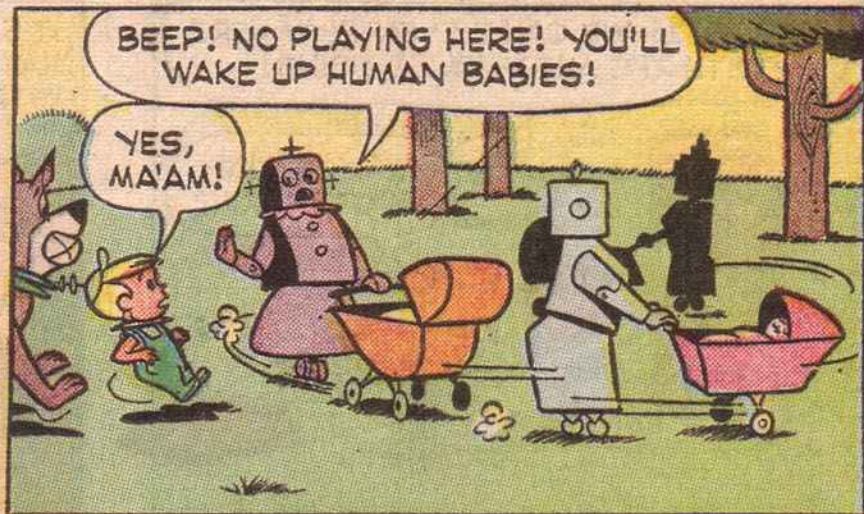
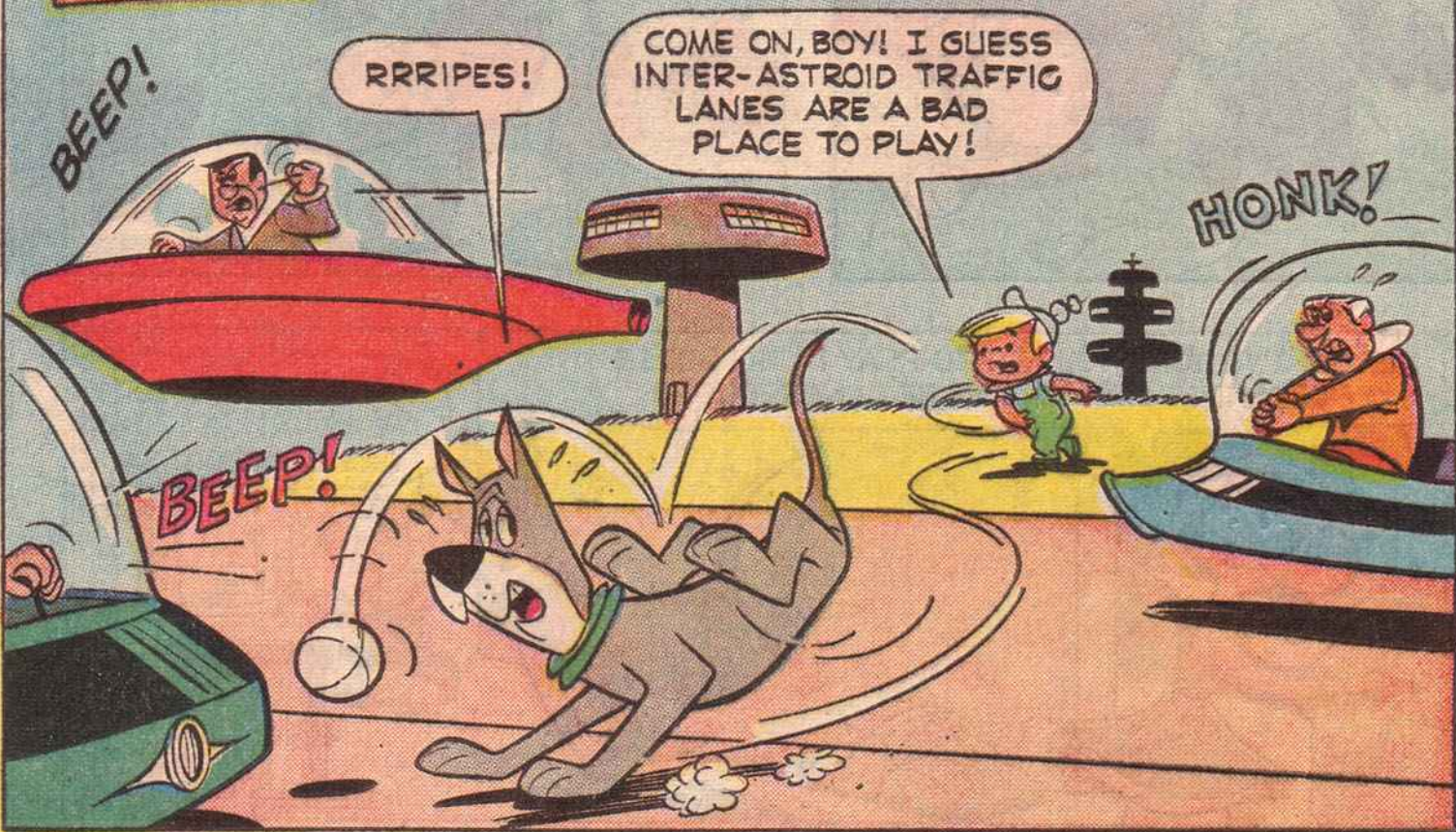


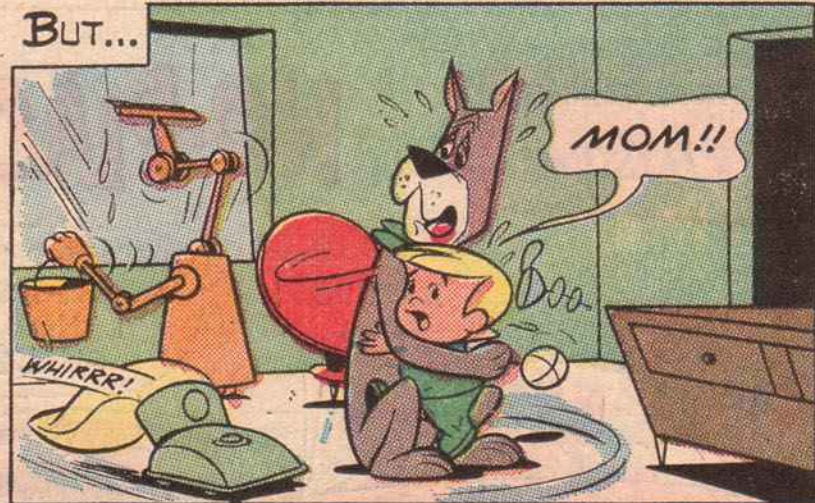
The length from the tip of the styracosaurus's nose to the end of its collar was seven feet. The spike-nasal horn rose almost two feet.



Even the mighty flesh-eaters feared the styracosaurus, for one jab or slash of its horns could tear apart its attacker.

The NO-PLACE-TO-PLAY-DAY





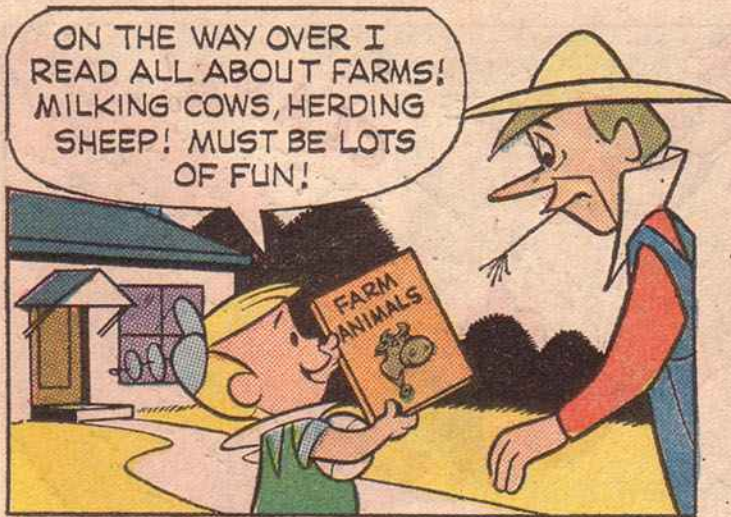
LATER...

YOU MUST BE
COUSIN GEORGE'S
BOY, ELROY!

THAT'S RIGHT, JETHRO!
ASTRO AND I SURE
ARE ANXIOUS TO SEE
THE FARM!



ON THE WAY OVER I
READ ALL ABOUT FARMS!
MILKING COWS, HERDING
SHEEP! MUST BE LOTS
OF FUN!



AFRAID THAT BOOK IS A
LITTLE OUT-OF-DATE, SON!
WE'VE GONE MODERN
AROUND HERE!



COME ON, I'LL SHOW YOU
INSIDE THE BARN!

A REAL BARN!
I'LL BET THERE ARE
ALL KINDS OF
INTERESTING THINGS
IN THERE!

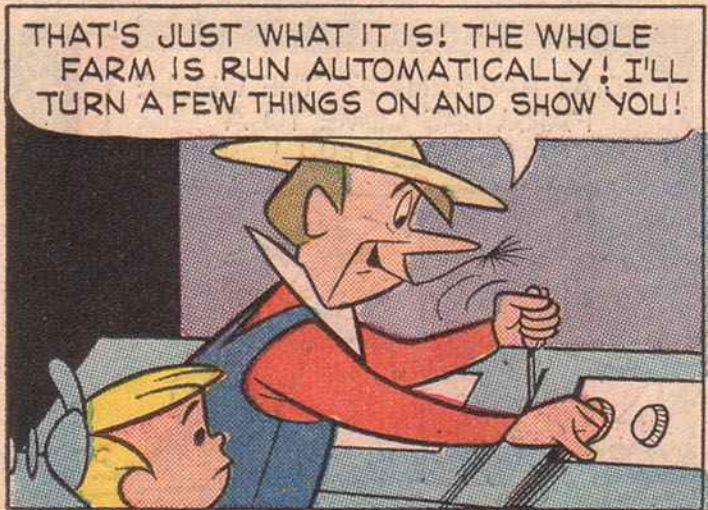


PHOOEY! LOOKS JUST LIKE
A POWER PLANT BACK HOME!

RRRATS!



THAT'S JUST WHAT IT IS! THE WHOLE
FARM IS RUN AUTOMATICALLY! I'LL
TURN A FEW THINGS ON AND SHOW YOU!



THOSE ARE THE
AUTOMATIC FEEDERS!
WE'LL FOLLOW THEM!





SEE? NICE AND EASY!

BUT, NO FUN!



NOW YOU TWO CAN PLAY! BUT DON'T GET TOO MUCH IN THE WAY! THIS IS A PRETTY BUSY PLACE!

RRRESSIR!

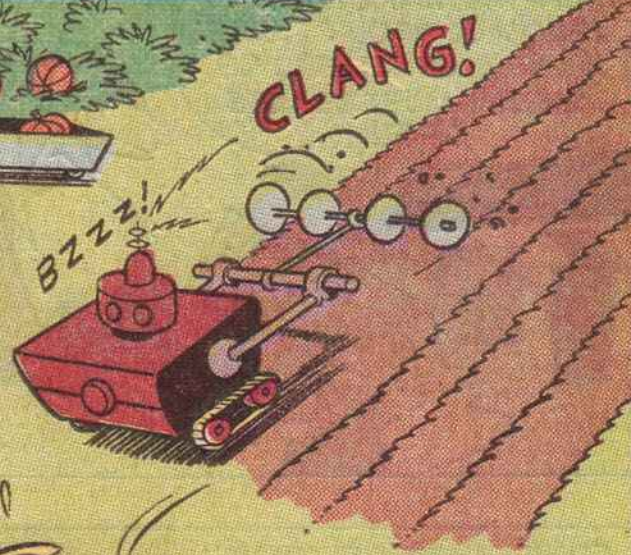


Busy is right...

WHIRRR!

CLANK!

YIPE! THIS IS AS BAD AS BEING BACK HOME! COME ON, ASTRO! I KNOW AT LEAST ONE PLACE WE CAN PLAY!

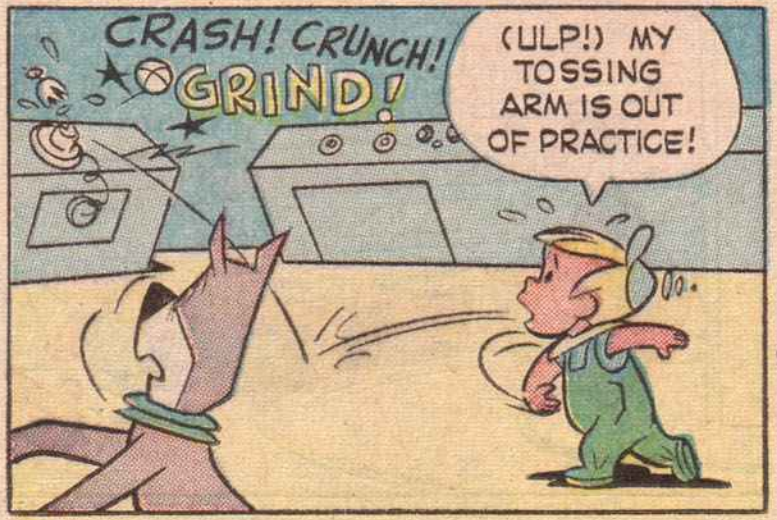
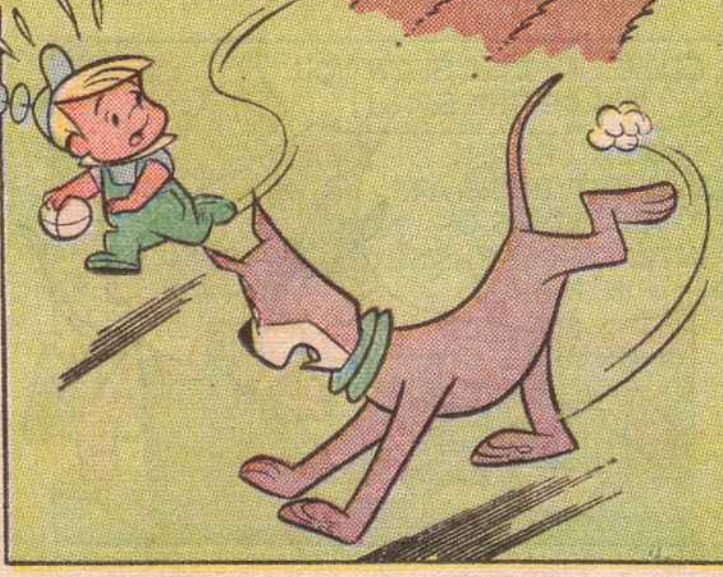


CLANG!

BZZZ!

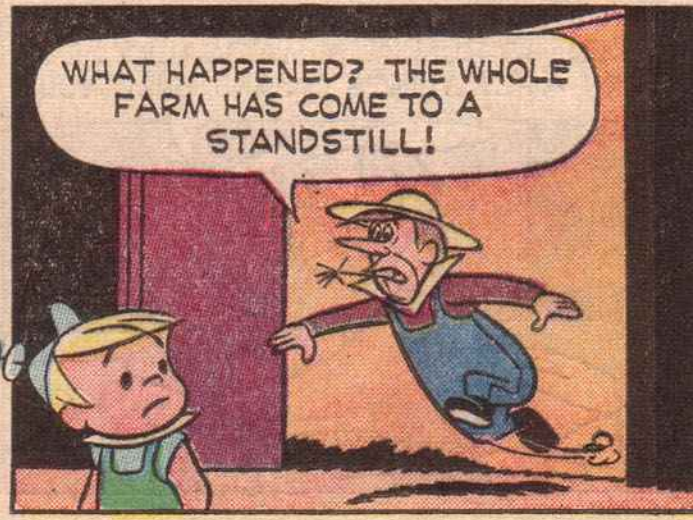


IT'S NOT MUCH, BUT IT'S THE ONLY PLACE WE'VE FOUND SO FAR WHERE YOU CAN FETCH WITHOUT BEING TRAMPLED!



CRASH! CRUNCH! GRIND!

(LULP!) MY TOSSEING ARM IS OUT OF PRACTICE!



WHAT HAPPENED? THE WHOLE FARM HAS COME TO A STANDSTILL!

I'M SORRY! MY BASEBALL FOULED UP THE GEARS ON THE POWER PLANT!

WELL, NO REAL HARM DONE! I'LL CALL POWER-SERVICE AND HAVE IT FIXED!



CAN'T WE LEAVE IT OFF FOR JUST A LITTLE WHILE? LOOK HOW PEACEFUL AND NATURAL THE FARM IS!

BUT, ELROY! THIS FARM IS TO MAKE MONEY! WE HAVE TO GET THE WORK DONE!



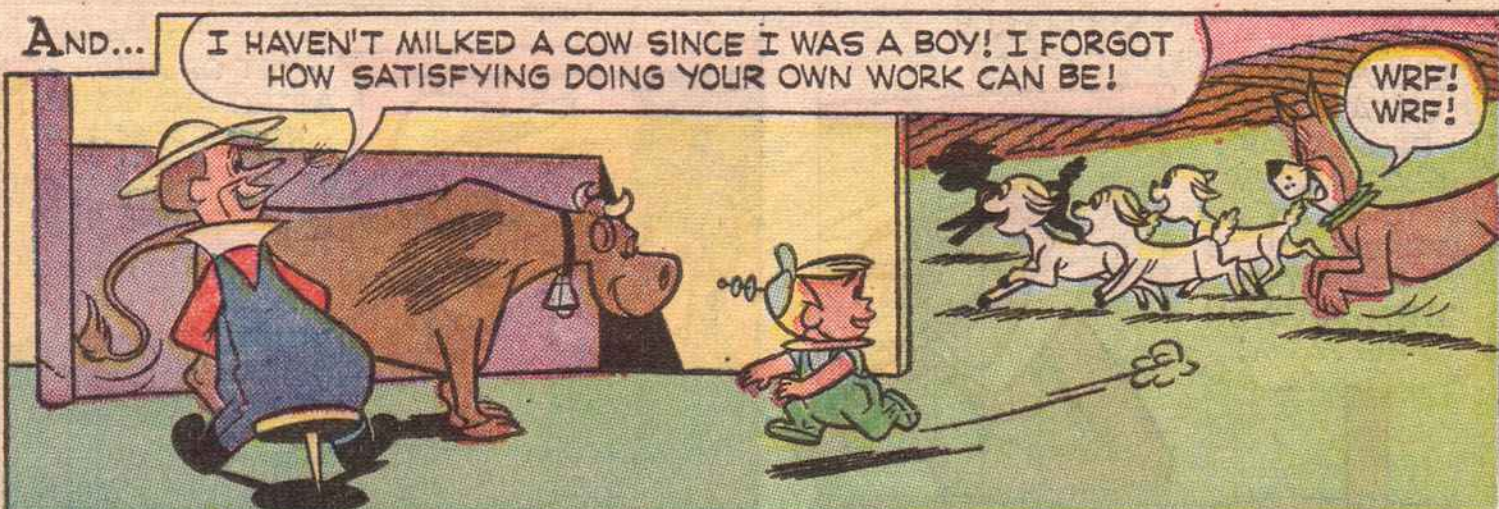
ASTRO AND I WILL DO IT, AND YOU CAN HELP!



IT'LL BE FUN! WAIT AND SEE!

I'VE GOT MY DOUBTS!

WURF!



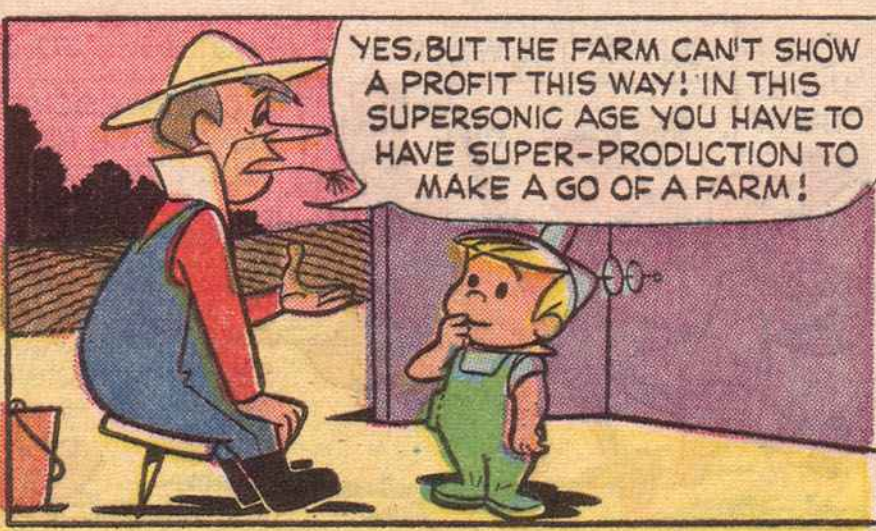
AND...

I HAVEN'T MILKED A COW SINCE I WAS A BOY! I FORGOT HOW SATISFYING DOING YOUR OWN WORK CAN BE!

WRF! WRF!



ASTRO IS HAVING A BALL HERDING SHEEP! AFTER THAT, WE'LL COLLECT EGGS! ISN'T THIS SWELL?

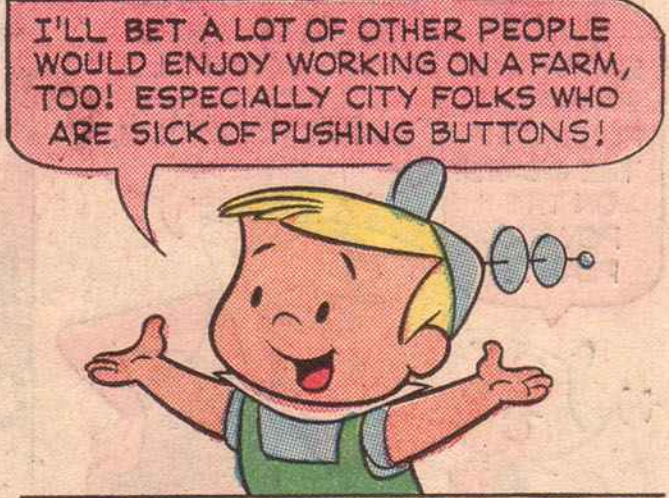


YES, BUT THE FARM CAN'T SHOW A PROFIT THIS WAY! IN THIS SUPERSONIC AGE YOU HAVE TO HAVE SUPER-PRODUCTION TO MAKE A GO OF A FARM!



I WISH WE **COULD** RUN THINGS THIS WAY... I REALLY ENJOY IT!

BUZZING BLAST-OFFS! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

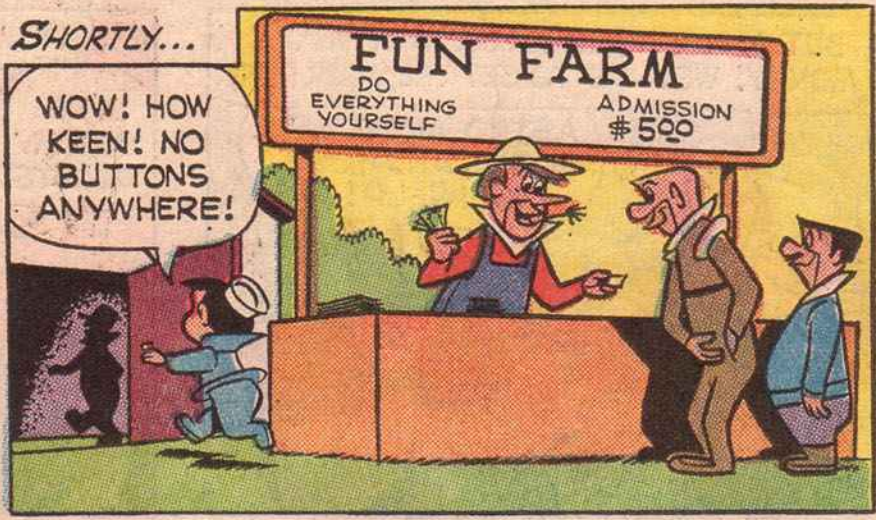


I'LL BET A LOT OF OTHER PEOPLE WOULD ENJOY WORKING ON A FARM, TOO! ESPECIALLY CITY FOLKS WHO ARE SICK OF PUSHING BUTTONS!



WHY NOT... PSST... PSST...

YOU KNOW, IT JUST MIGHT WORK!



SHORTLY...

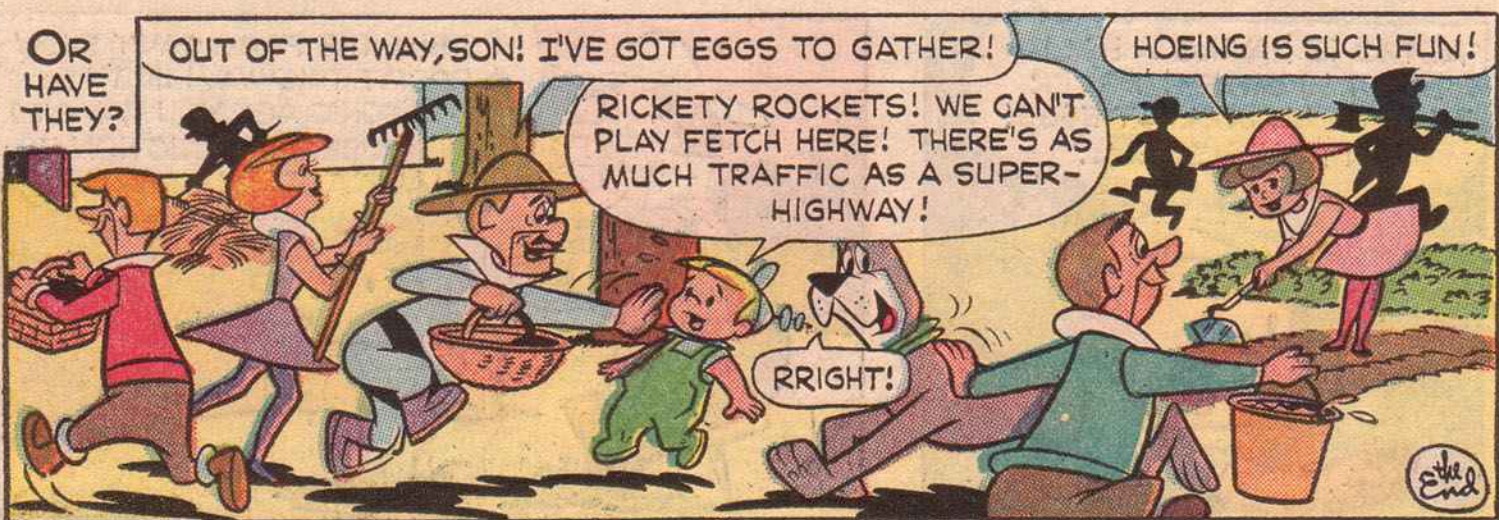
WOW! HOW KEEN! NO BUTTONS ANYWHERE!



ELROY HAD A GREAT IDEA! PEOPLE PAY GOOD MONEY TO DO MY CHORES! I MAKE A PROFIT ON THEM **AND** ON THE FARM!



BEST OF ALL, ASTRO AND ELROY HAVE A PLACE TO PLAY!



OR HAVE THEY?

OUT OF THE WAY, SON! I'VE GOT EGGS TO GATHER!

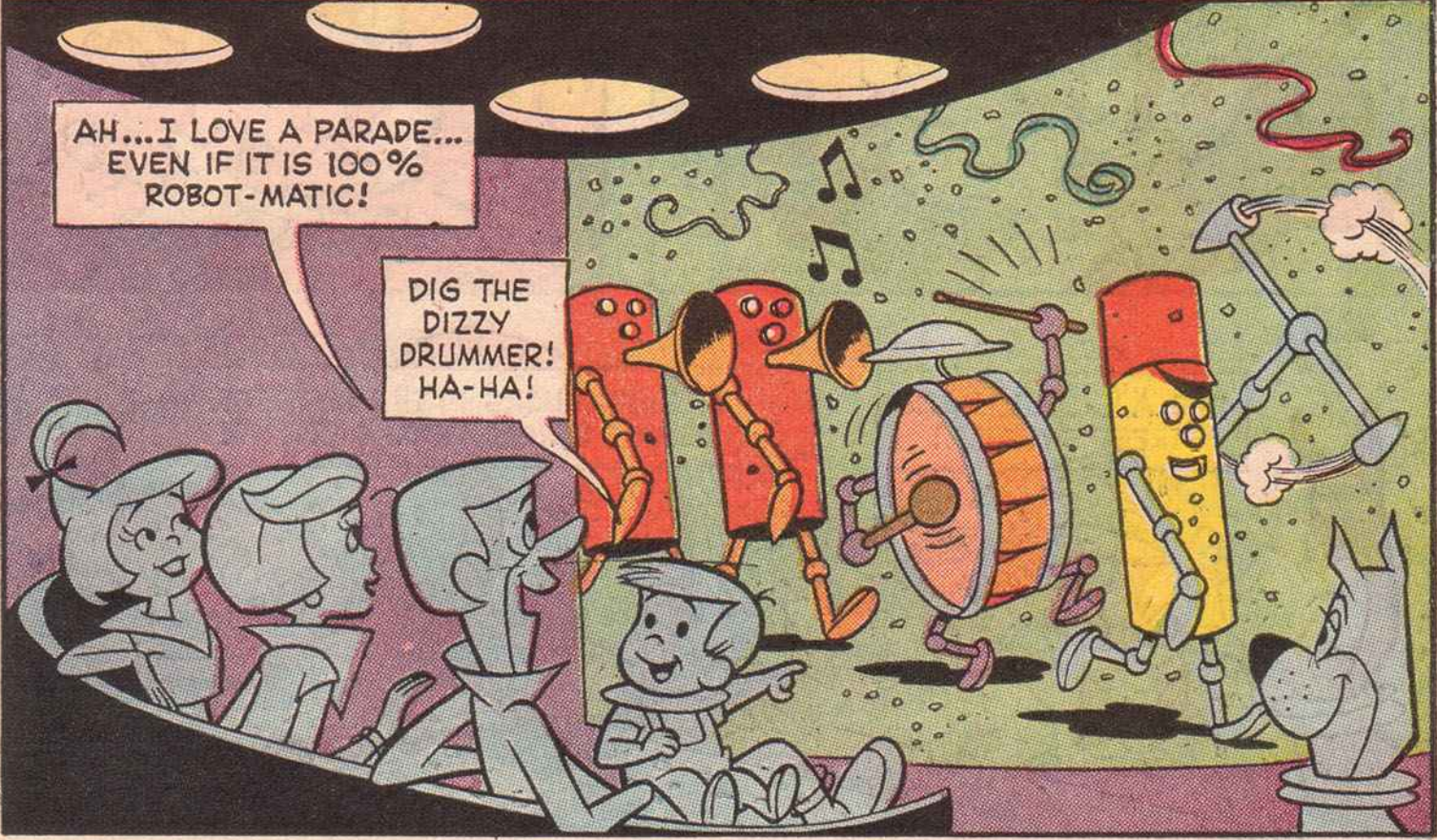
RICKETY ROCKETS! WE CAN'T PLAY FETCH HERE! THERE'S AS MUCH TRAFFIC AS A SUPER-HIGHWAY!

HOEING IS SUCH FUN!

RRIGHT!

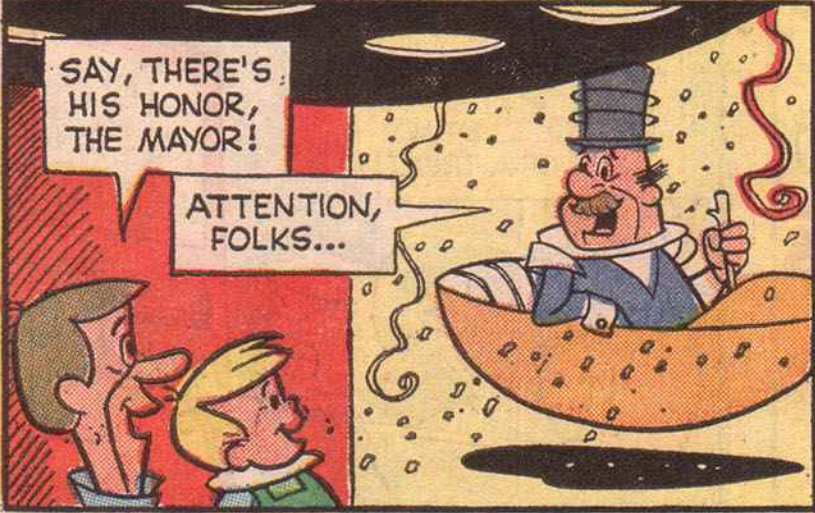
THE END

MODERN DAY MENACE




AH...I LOVE A PARADE...
EVEN IF IT IS 100%
ROBOT-MATIC!

DIG THE
DIZZY
DRUMMER!
HA-HA!




SAY, THERE'S
HIS HONOR,
THE MAYOR!

ATTENTION,
FOLKS...




A JOPLY SURPRISE...THE
CITY HAS A NEW SUPER SWELL
EMPLOYEE! IT'S COMING AT
THE END OF THE PARADE...



OH, NO! OUR
PICTURE TUBE
BLEW OUT!

WHAT A
TIME FOR IT
TO HAPPEN!



OH, WELL...WE'LL HEAR ABOUT IT
ON THE NEWS WHEN THE SET IS FIXED!

WELL, NOT THIS KID!
I'M GONNA ACTUALLY
GO *SEE* THAT PARADE
IN PERSON!

NOWADAYS THE ONLY PEOPLE THAT EVER GO TO SEE A PARADE ARE THOSE WITH BUSTED TV SETS!



WELL, BLAST ME INTO ORBIT... SO THAT'S THE CITY'S NEW EMPLOYEE!



IT'S A VACUUM-MATIC STREET SWEEPER!

IT EVEN SUCKS IN THE CONFETTI BEFORE IT REACHES THE GROUND!



IT'S GETTING SO NOTHING SURPRISES ME ANY MORE! I'M IMMUNE TO PROGRESS!



I'LL HAVE A CONE SINCE THE PARADE PROVED TO BE NOT MUCH OF A TREAT!



THANK YOU!

YOU'RE WELCOME!



MMM... A NEW FLAVOR... SEEMS TO BE MOON-FLAVORED COSMIC ICE!





OOPS!

PLOP!



HEY! NOT SO FAST! ASTRO USUALLY GETS TO EAT WHAT FALLS!

SHLOOP!



FOOEY! I'M GONNA GO PLAY WITH MY TOYS!



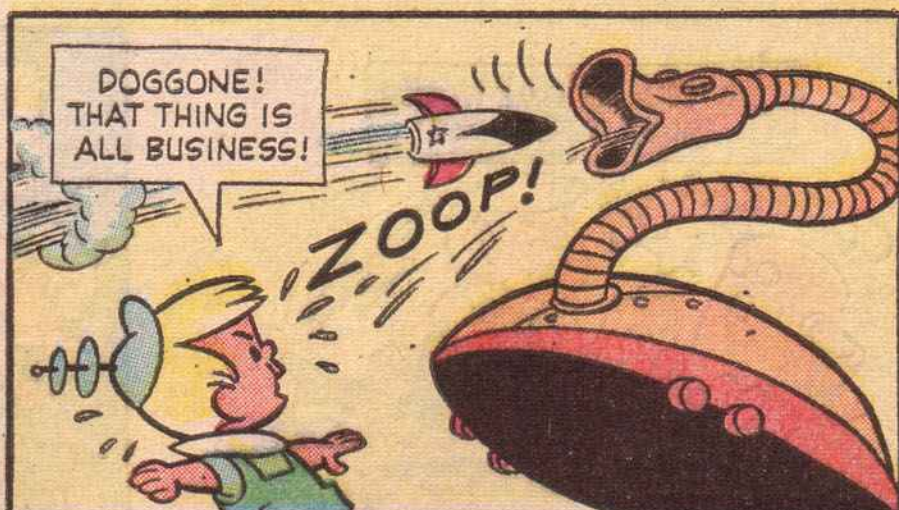
SOON...

THREE-TWO-ONE-BLAST-OFF!

HISS!



WHUPS! HEY...NOT THAT WAY...



DOGGONE! THAT THING IS ALL BUSINESS!

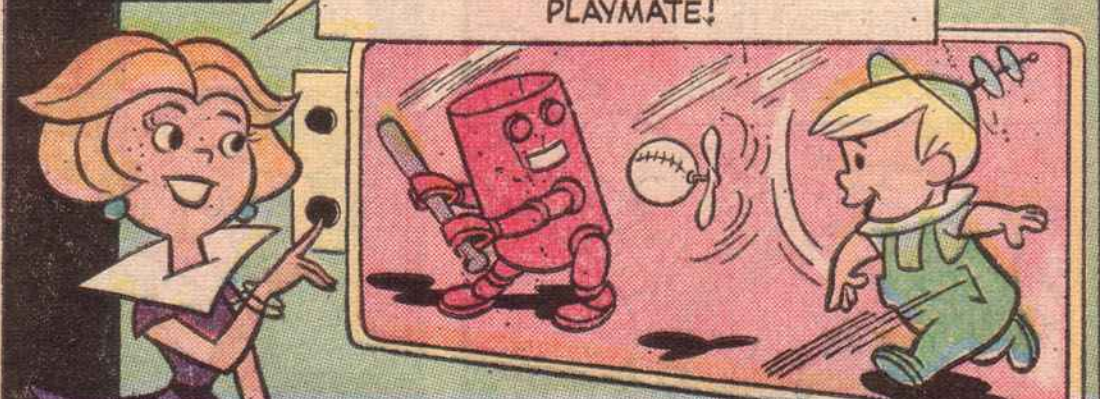
ZOOOP!

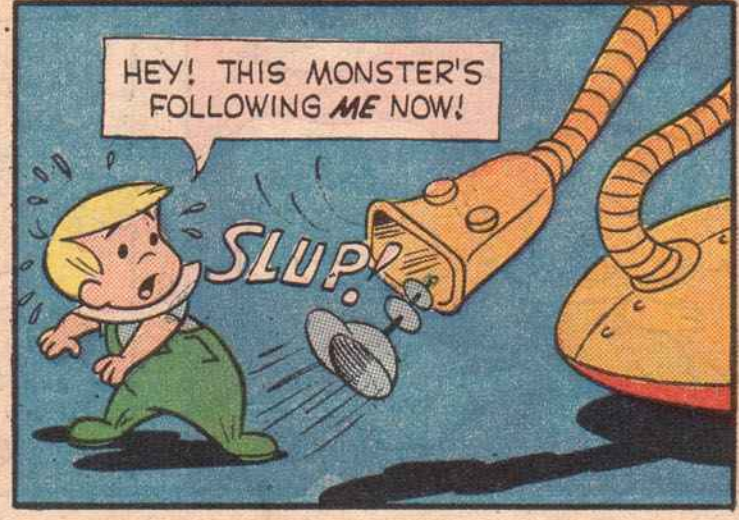


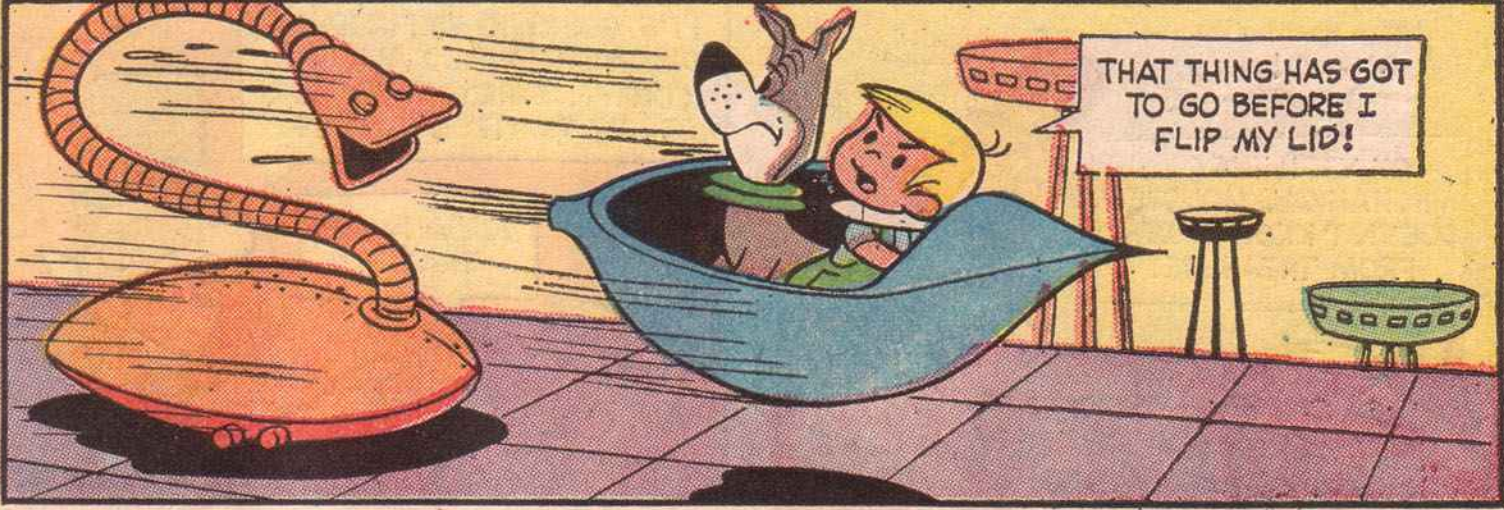
I'LL HAVE TO PLAY WITH SOMETHING ELSE...

MEANWHILE, UPSTAIRS...

THAT'S NICE... ELROY'S DOWNSTAIRS PLAYING WITH HIS AUTOMATIC PLAYMATE!







THAT THING HAS GOT TO GO BEFORE I FLIP MY LID!



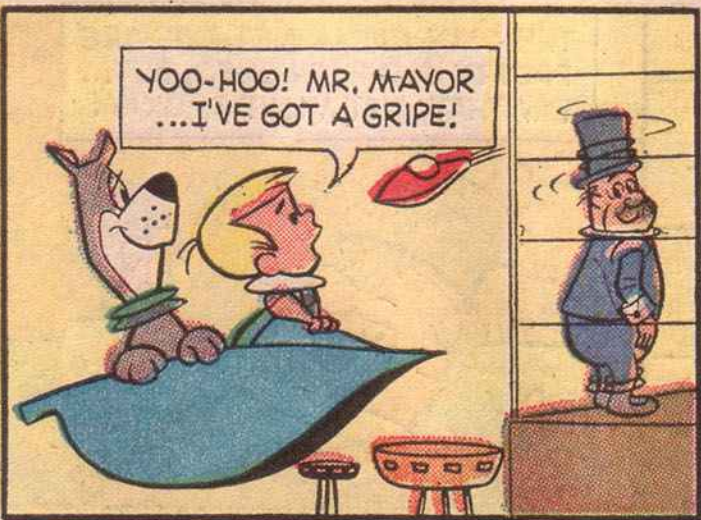
I'M GONNA REPORT IT TO THE MAYOR!



SORRY, SMALL SIR...THE MAYOR IS IN CONFERENCE WITH THE CITY COUNCIL!

PRIVATE

WELL, BACK TO MY SAUCER!

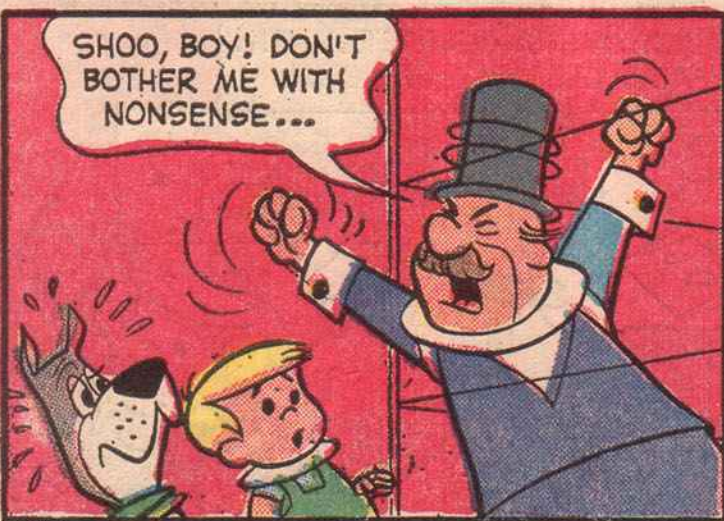


YOO-HOO! MR. MAYOR ...I'VE GOT A GRIPE!

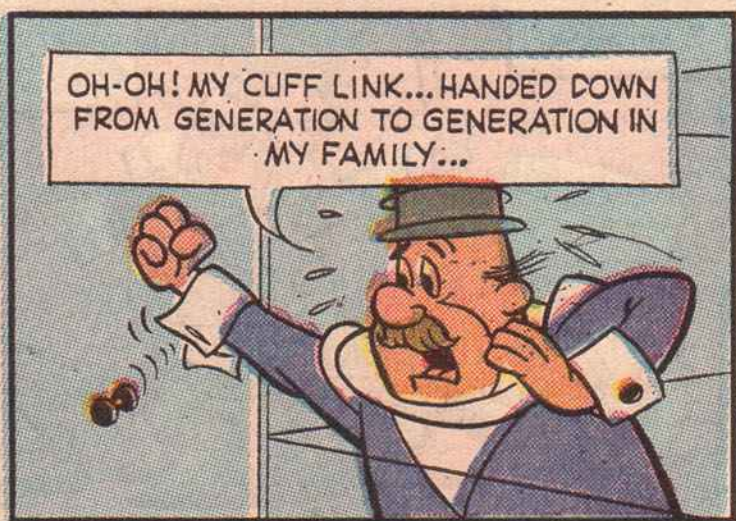


YOU'VE GOT TO FIRE ONE OF YOUR EMPLOYEES FOR BEING TOO EFFICIENT!

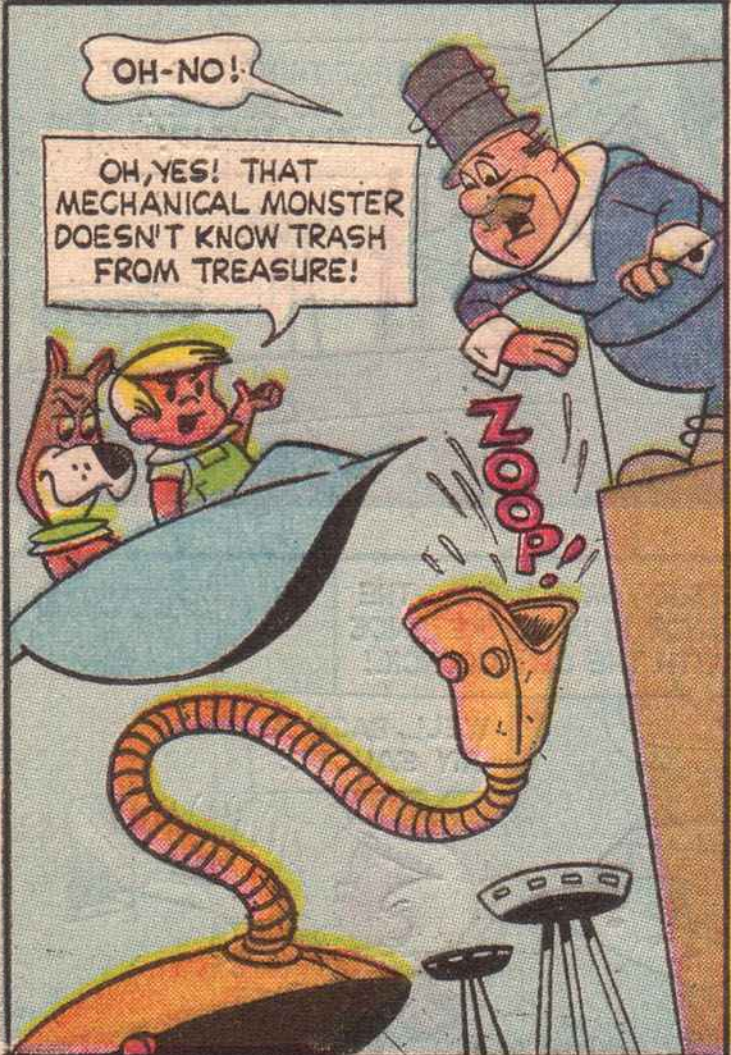
WHAT-T-T?!



SHOO, BOY! DON'T BOTHER ME WITH NONSENSE...



OH-OH! MY CUFF LINK... HANDED DOWN FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION IN MY FAMILY...



OH-NO!

OH, YES! THAT MECHANICAL MONSTER DOESN'T KNOW TRASH FROM TREASURE!

ZOOOP!



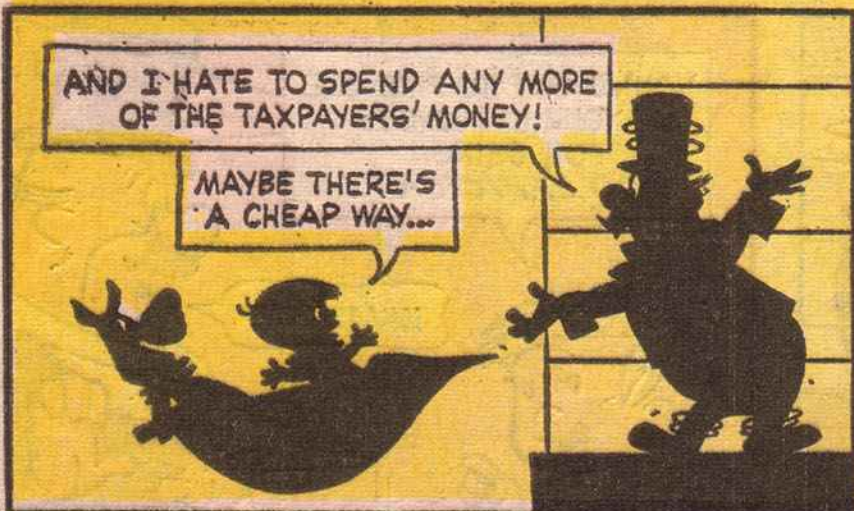
IT'S GOING TO BE FIRED AND DISMANTLED, AND ALL THE CONTENTS RETRIEVED FOR THEIR RIGHTFUL OWNERS!

YOU AND ME, THAT IS!



AND THEN WHAT'LL YOU USE FOR A STREET CLEANER?

OH, MY... I ALREADY JUNKED THE OTHER SEMI-AUTOMATIC MACHINE...



AND I HATE TO SPEND ANY MORE OF THE TAXPAYERS' MONEY!

MAYBE THERE'S A CHEAP WAY...



THE ONLY CHEAP METHODS ARE PRETTY OLD-FASHIONED, BUT... SAY, THAT JUST MIGHT BE OKAY!



AND SO...

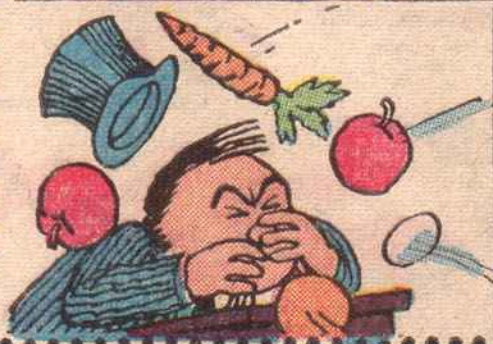
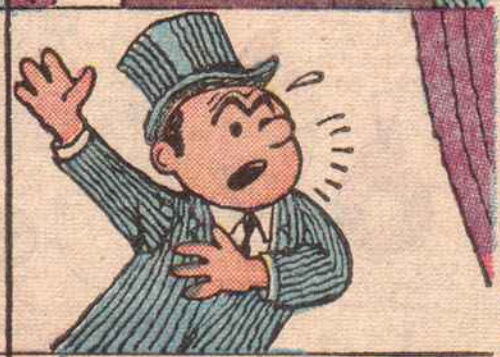
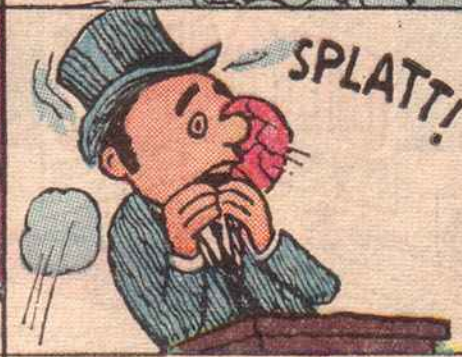
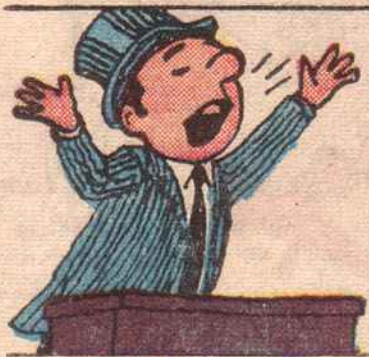
ANOTHER DIME... AND A QUARTER... HEH! I'M REALLY CLEANING-UP HERE!

WURF!

AND SO GOES MY GOOD DEED FOR THE DAY!

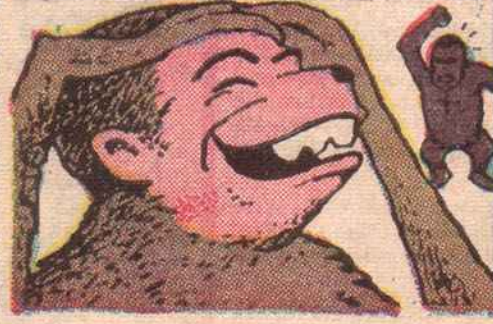
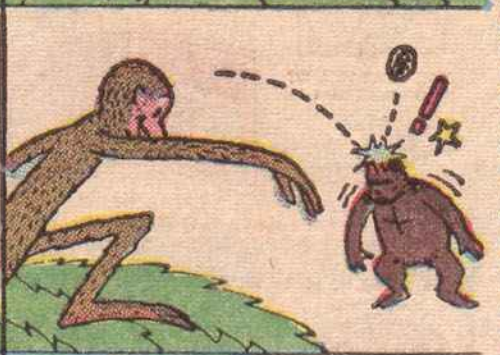
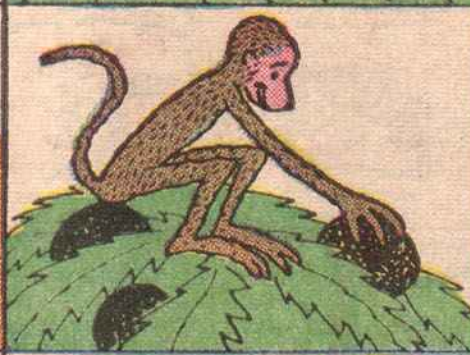
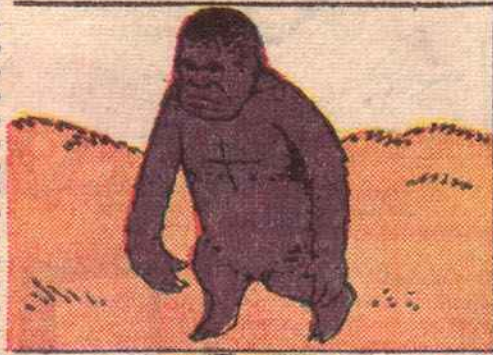
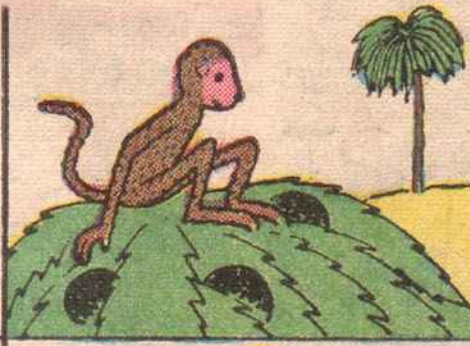
End

MINI-COMICS



© 1968 BY WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

MINI-COMICS



© 1968 BY WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.